

APRIL 1922-25 CENTS

# CHILD LIFE

*The Children's Own Magazine*



RAND McNALLY & COMPANY  
Publishers



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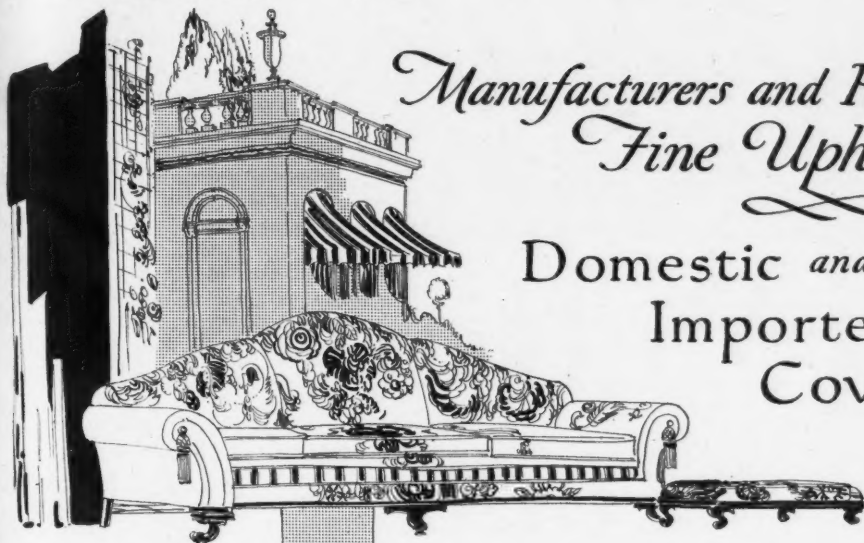
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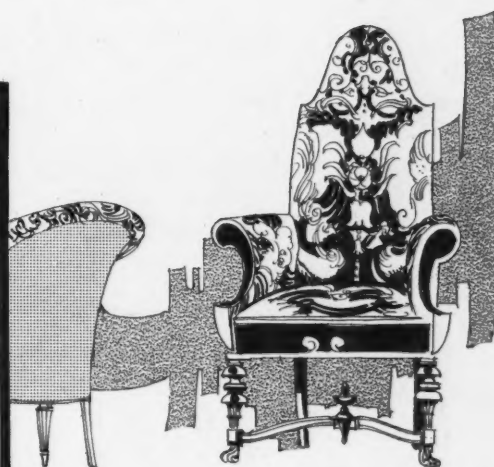
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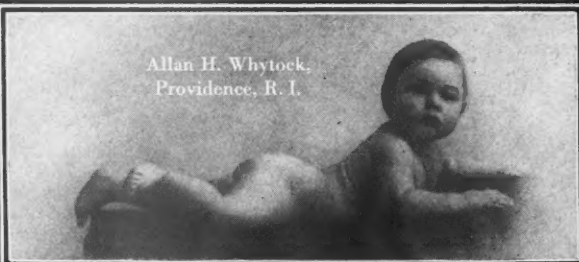


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TERMS: To the United States, Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, Porto Rico, Cuba, and Mexico, \$2.50; single copies 25 cents. Canada, \$3.00 a year. Postage to other foreign countries, 50 cents per year additional.

Application applied for Audit Bureau of Circulations.

#### RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

536 South Clark Street, Chicago. H. B. CLOW, President 42 East 22d Street, New York

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# Let the Kiddies Take you Out West



You will want to go where they want to go  
For example

The brown-faced, black-eyed, chubby Indian babies, in Hopiland or Navajoland.

The burros, laden with firewood, in the adobe villages of New Mexico.

The range ponies, on the ranches.

The mules (with funny names) that help you ride down the Grand Canyon trails.

The railroad that climbs Pikes Peak like a squirrel.

The roses out in California—acres of them—red, pink, yellow, white.

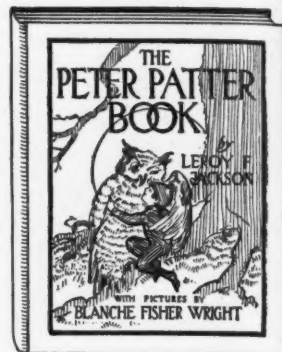
And the golden oranges.

My, oh my, what sights!

Better than studying books at school, don't you think?

*Write to me for picture folders of the Santa Fe*

W. J. BLACK, Pass. Traffic Mgr.  
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## The PETER PATTER BOOK

By LEROY F. JACKSON

PETER PATTER is a jolly little rascal that children love and parents like to see around. Right on the heels of Mother Goose herself, he makes such jolly, jingling rimes that you simply can't resist them. They tickle your toes as well as your humor. Here is one of them:

A silly little mule sat on a milking stool  
And tried to write a letter to his father,  
But he couldn't find the ink,  
So he sat him down to think,

and a lot more that makes you chuckle in spite of yourself. You must see the book. It has scores and scores of jolly rimes with a ragtime swing.

Besides, it has dozens of lovely colored pictures by Blanche Fisher Wright—twenty-four full-page color plates and ninety-six text pictures. Think of it! And you can buy the book at any shop or store where books are sold.

*Beautifully bound in cloth, size 10x12 inches, price \$2.50*

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CHICAGO



### OUR EASTER TRIP

TO the Land of Easter Lilies  
 We make our April trip.  
 We float for hours  
 Through sun and showers  
 Aboard our Child Life ship.

We sail beneath the rainbow  
 And in its arch we sit;  
 Its pots of gold  
 We tightly hold  
 And don't grow tired a bit.

We visit Mother Nature  
 Who talks of flowers and wings  
 In such a way  
 We want to stay  
 With all these wondrous things.

But back to home and Mother  
 And Daddy dear we race,  
 For when it's night  
 There's nothing quite  
 Could ever take their place.

*Rose Waldo*  
 Editor.







## NATURE STORIES

### GROWING

FRANCES CAMP DUGGAR

COME, little seed," said the sunshine gay,  
"You must burst, burst, burst, from your coat today."

So the little seed burst its coat quite wide,  
But the world looked so big and so dark outside.

Then the sunbeams whispered, "Just feel around,  
And push, push, push, till you reach the ground."

So the seed held tight by each tiny root,  
And pushed through the ground with its sharp little shoot.

Then the little green shoot could hear the rain  
Saying, "Drink, drink, drink," quite loud and plain.

So the little shoot drank and the little roots, too,  
Till the rain must have filled them through and through.

Then the little shoot wondered which way to go,  
Till the sunbeams cried, "You must grow, grow, grow."

So the little shoot grew and thought it fun  
To hold up its leaves toward the glowing sun.

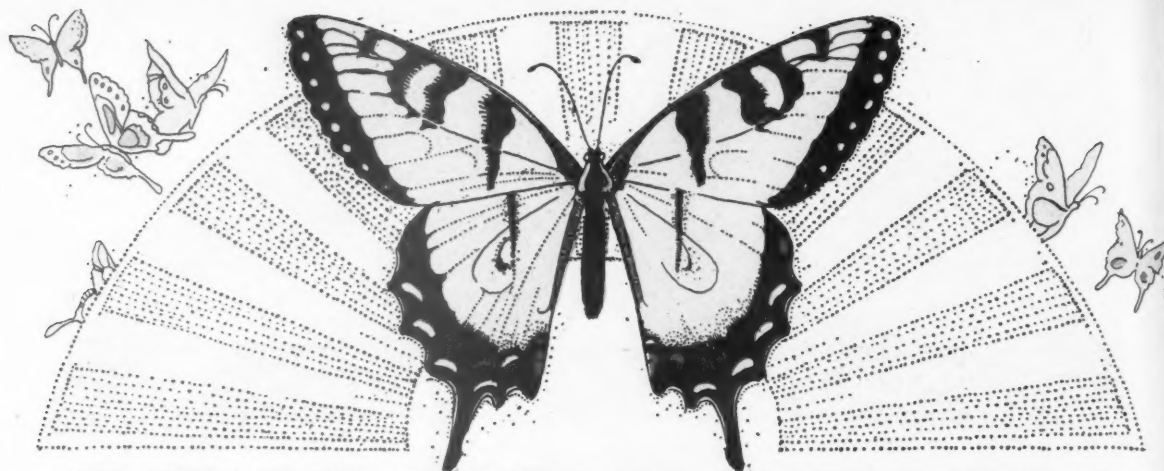
Then the wind blew by, with a breeze behind,  
And they called to the shoot, "You must wind, wind, wind."

So the little plant reached toward the pole it found,  
And with tiny tendrils it wound and wound.

"Work hard, little plant," cried the sun one day,  
"You must bloom, bloom, bloom, for the first of May."

So the little plant worked—days, one, two, three,  
Then proudly it lifted a pink sweet pea.





# RESURRECTION

CARL F. GRONEMANN

"Oh dear!" sighed Mrs. Butterfly, clinging wearily to the leaf of a wild sunflower and fluttering her tattered wings of black and yellow. "I know I will soon go to sleep forever. I feel so very tired! It has been such fun to live in this beautiful world! I loved to visit my friends, the wild flowers, and sip their nectar. I loved to fly among the forest trees or frolic over the meadows with Mr. Butterfly; to sail up, up, into the bright blue sky. And when the sun went to rest I also always found a place to sleep under the sheltering leaf of some kind plant. But now—"

She stopped speaking as, looking up, she saw Mother Nature bending over with a smile that was very, very kind. "Do not feel so sad," said Mother Nature who had been listening to the butterfly. "Cheer up! You are one of God's children. Even though you believe you will die you shall live again. Your life will go on forever."

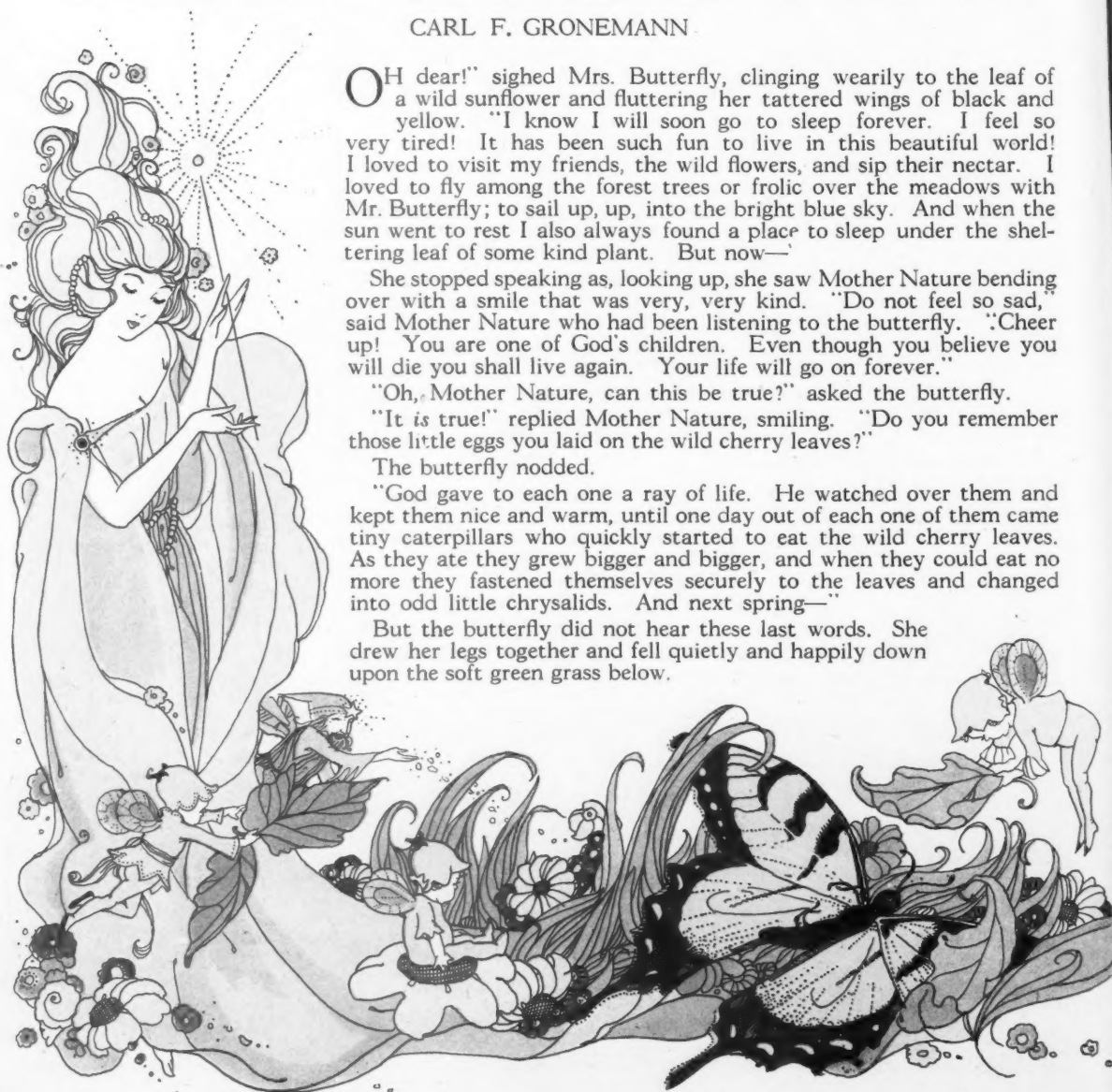
"Oh, Mother Nature, can this be true?" asked the butterfly.

"It is true!" replied Mother Nature, smiling. "Do you remember those little eggs you laid on the wild cherry leaves?"

The butterfly nodded.

"God gave to each one a ray of life. He watched over them and kept them nice and warm, until one day out of each one of them came tiny caterpillars who quickly started to eat the wild cherry leaves. As they ate they grew bigger and bigger, and when they could eat no more they fastened themselves securely to the leaves and changed into odd little chrysalids. And next spring—"

But the butterfly did not hear these last words. She drew her legs together and fell quietly and happily down upon the soft green grass below.







When Mother Nature saw what has happened to the butterfly she called the breezes and told them to cover some leaves over her. Later Jack Frost came. And when Winter arrived he spread a soft white blanket of snow over Mrs. Butterfly's resting place.

After a few months Spring returned. Then the wild flowers rose out of the ground again and nodded to their friend the South Wind. Near the murmuring brook the marsh marigold bloomed. At the edge of the woods the early buttercups lifted their golden heads to the sun. Downy-coated pussy willows swayed in the breeze, and happy birds sang as they looked for places to build their nests. And beneath some dead leaves near the wild cherry tree other lives were also stirring. The chrysalid cradles were wiggling. Mrs. Butterfly's babies were waking after their winter sleep and trying to come out into the spring sunshine.

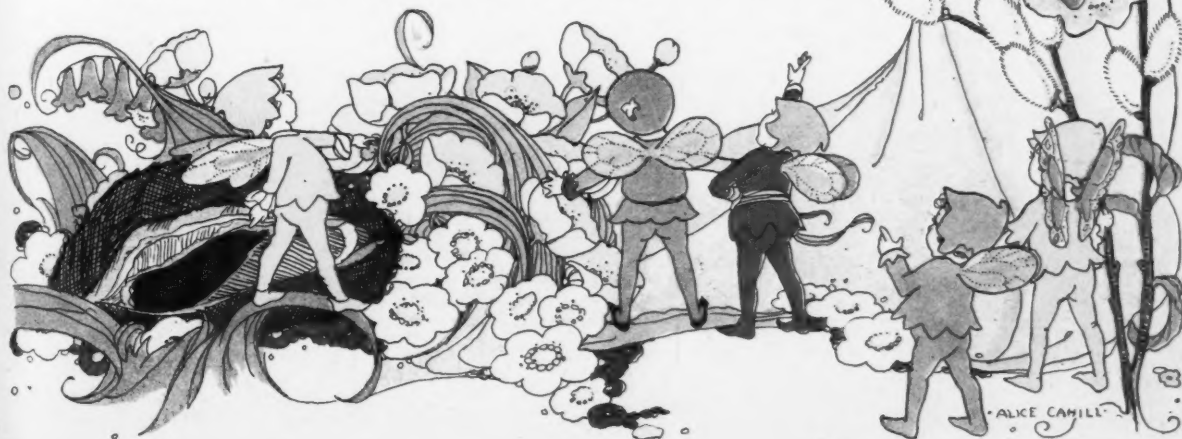
For several weeks they stirred. Then suddenly the chrysalid cradles were torn apart and beautiful butterflies with wet and crumpled wings crawled slowly out.

"Look!" said Mother Nature, after calling her children together.

As they stood around watching closely the strange happenings, a warm spring breeze came and dried the butterflies' wings. Then gradually, one by one, they fluttered out into the sunlight and rose high in the bright blue sky.

New lives had come into the world. God had carried the life of the tiger swallowtail butterfly from the past into the present.

Mother Nature and her children watched the flight of the butterflies, God's beautiful creatures of black and yellow, until they vanished from sight. Then she softly said, "RESURRECTION."





## THE BROWNIE AND THE BUNNY

MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN



ONE day the Brownie Peekaboo—now really it was funny—  
He peeked behind a lettuce leaf and spied a Baby Bunny.

"Well, bless my biggest button!" cried the Brownie. "Come along  
And tell me, frisky Fuzzy Wuzz, to whom do you belong?"

"Oh, whisker!" sighed the Bunny. "How should I know, Mr. Elf?  
The only thing I'm sure of is—I've lost my little self!

"I may possess some parents but I know I haven't many;  
So far as I remember I was never given any."

"Well this," remarked the Brownie, "is a pretty how-d'ye-do!  
We'd better hunt about a bit and pick you up a few.

"But first, I tell you frankly, you're as blowsy as a burr;  
Go shake yourself, my Fuzzy Wuzz, and frizzle out your fur!"

Heigh-ho, the Bunny Fuzzy Wuzz, he blushed a rosy pink;  
"Excuse me, Mr. Peekaboo," he said; "I didn't think!"

Then round he spun beneath the sun till he was all afluff;  
Till even on his pompadour he felt a perky puff.

"But now," said Brownie Peekaboo, "let's have no more delay;  
We're out to pick a parent and we'd best be on our way.

"Now I suggest that first of all we call on Hester Hen;  
We're sure to find her pecking in the Glickendoodle Glen!

"She's very good and motherly I've often heard it said;  
I think that she'd be just the one to tuck you into bed."



"Good morning, sir!" said Hester Hen. "Pray what is this I hear?  
You've brought a little Bunny you would like to have me rear?"

"Why, bless you, Brownie Peekaboo! Of all the silly things!  
My Babes I order 'specially to fit my feather wings."

"Beneath my downy bosom which is softly warm and thick,  
I keep a cozy corner for my every Chubby Chick;

"But even if your Bunny Baby squeezed him slick and slim,  
Why, you can see quite plainly I could never sit on *him*!"

"Oh, dear!" sighed Brownie Peekaboo. "I never thought of that!  
It's true, my Frisky Fuzzzy Wuzz, you are a little fat.

"But never mind a minute; just you give your tail a twirl,  
Then you and I will make a call upon the Widow Squirrel."

"Good morning, sir!" said Widow Squirrel. "Whatever have you there?  
A little Bunny Babe for whom you'd like to have me care?"

"Why, I'd be glad," said Widow Squirrel, "to take the Bunny—but—  
I know he'd never, never learn to nibble on a nut."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Brownie Peekaboo. "I never thought of this;  
Our hunting-for-a-parent plan we'd better both dismiss;

"But don't be sad, it's not so bad, my Frisky Baby Bunny;  
For I've about made up my mind that I shall keep you, honey!"

"Oh, thanks so very, very much, dear Uncle Peekaboo;  
I hoped, you know," said Fuzzy Wuzz, "that might occur to you.

"But tell me, dearest Uncle, will I have to wear a bonnet?  
I would so love a little cap with tinkly tassels on it."

"Heigh-ho!" cried Brownie Peekaboo. "Then you shall have a cap;  
And what is more you'll never need to take a nippy nap.

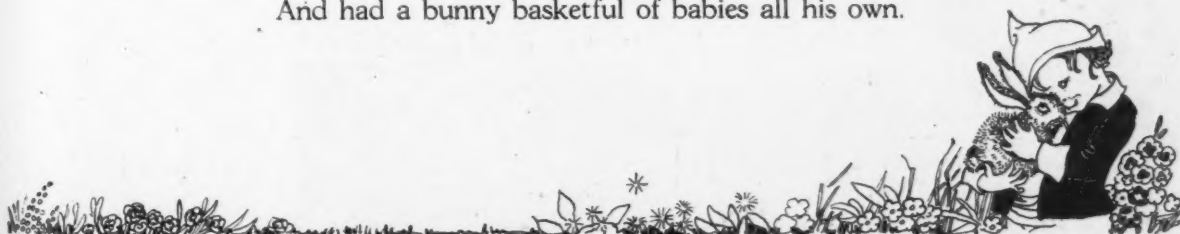
"Oh, I shall make you, Fuzzy Wuzz, a gaudy scarlet coat  
With lots of brassy buttons that will jingle at your throat;

"And you shall wear in each lapel a little parsley sprig  
And I shall teach you how to dance a bubbly brownie jig.

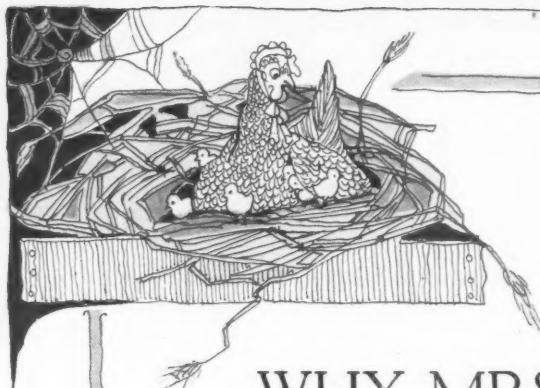
"And though the days be dull with rain or though the days be sunny,  
Oh, I shall always, always keep my precious Baby Bunny.

"But now," said Brownie Peekaboo, "I'm empty as a feather."  
So arm in arm the two of them went home to lunch together.

And there they lived till Fuzzy Wuzz was fully fat and grown  
And had a bunny basketful of babies all his own.



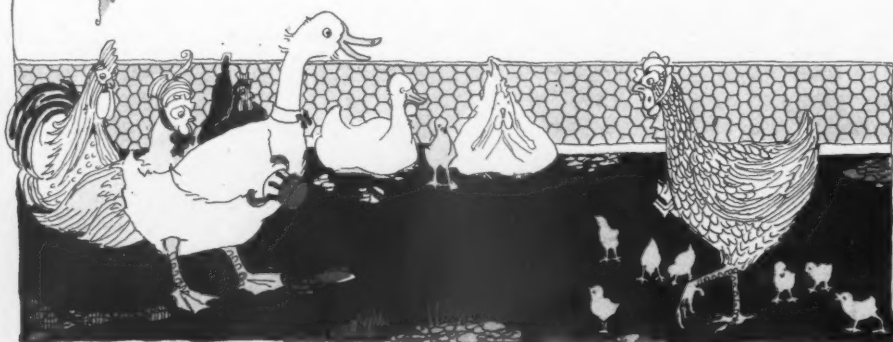


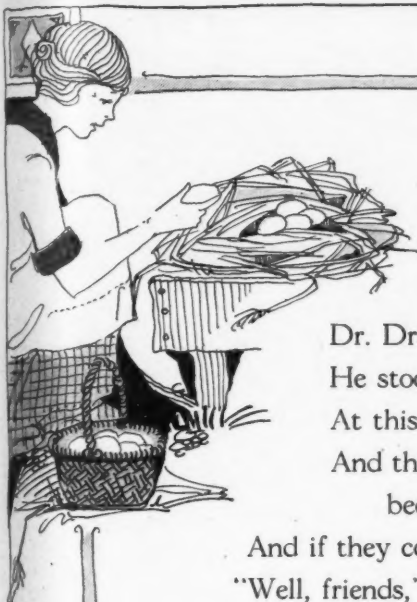


## WHY MRS. GRAY HEN WAS SAD

ANNE M. HALLADAY

ALONG about April of every year,  
Mrs. Gray Hen grew most dejected,  
Her "cluck" held no longer its note of cheer,  
Invitations by her were rejected.  
The ducks and the geese tried to figure it out  
In barn meetings, and gabbled it o'er,  
Until finally to learn what it all was about  
Sent a gathering to Mrs. Hen's door.  
Mr. Drake, wise old duck, led the party with pride,  
As they filed through the barnyard gate,  
And up to the house to the door at the side,  
One evening at quarter past eight.  
Mrs. Hen had her chickies all snug on the roost,  
And was preening her wings for the night,  
When the knock at the door made her cock her small head,  
And step over and turn on the light.  
When her neighbors walked in as she opened the door,  
She was greatly surprised you may know,  
And when they sat down in a line round the floor,





Dr. Drake at the end of the row,  
He stood up and told her she'd worried her kin  
At this time of year, three times now,  
And they all wished to know what the matter had  
been;

And if they could help her, and how.  
"Well, friends," Mrs. Hen cleared her throat and began,  
"I'm sorry to cause you dismay,  
But at this time of year, with her basket or pan,  
Mrs. Brown, at the end of each day,  
Comes and gathers my eggs from the nest over there;  
And I followed her out of this shed,  
To see what was done with my eggs white and fair,  
And this is what I heard said:  
'We'll put these eggs here for the boys' Easter Day;  
I'll color them bright to surprise them;  
And we'll hide them about 'neath the bushes and hay,  
The colors will surely disguise them.  
We'll tell them the rabbits have laid them about,  
And a happy old egg hunt they'll make.'  
And that is what's filled me with sorrow and doubt  
Every spring, my dear friend, Dr. Drake.  
Now why should they then, after all our hard work,  
Give the credit to that Bunny Rabbit?  
I can't understand it when none of us shirk—  
To me 'tis a pernicious habit."



## THOUGHTS

LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

SOME days I climb my pre-  
cious hill,  
The one that's by the sea,  
And there, where all the world  
is still,  
And things belong to me,  
Where winds lean down from  
far away,  
And friendly grasses nod,  
I sit, with Me for company,  
And think my thoughts of God.

MILDRED BRIDGE OWENS

## PRIZE COLOR CONTEST

TWO prizes will be offered to the readers of CHILD LIFE, one prize to the girl winner and one prize, of equal value, to the boy winner. The prizes will be awarded to the boy and girl who send in the two best color productions of the following page. The names of the winners of the February contest are: GLADYS SMITH, 1030 S. 60th St., Philadelphia, Pa., and JOHN H. LACKEY, 1164 Mt. Vernon Ave., Akron, Ohio.

The characters of the *Two Resolute Bulbs* should be done in their natural colors. The best colors are made with the use of water color paints, but crayons may also be used effectively.

Do you know the natural colors of these woodland folk?

Send your colored page to

ESTELLE H. ROBBINS

Care of CHILD LIFE

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

### CORRECT SOLUTION OF LAST MONTH'S PRIZE COLOR CONTEST

No. 1. MAYAPPLE—MANDRAKE (*Podophyllum peltatum*). Native to the Mediterranean region, also found in the Himalayas. Color, white. Time, spring.

No. 2. FIDDLEHEAD (*Osmunda cinnamomea*). *Osmunda* was the name of a Saxon god. Color, at first green, but cinnamon colored at maturity. In a wild state attains a height of 6 feet. Time, early spring.

No. 3. LILY OF THE VALLEY (*Convallaria majalis*). An old Latin name derived from *Convallis*, a valley. Found in Europe and Asia. The rhizome and roots are sold in drug stores, as medicine. Color, white; sometimes pink tinged. Time, early spring.

No. 4. COMMON VIOLET (*Viola papilionacea*). There are

150 species of violet, 40 native to America. Color, blue, purple, yellow and white. Time, spring.

No. 5. HEPATICA or LIVER LEAF (*Hepatica triloba*). A genus of three species, native of north temperate zone. Color, white, pink or purple. Time, spring.

No. 6. SKUNK CABBAGE (*Spathyema foetida*). In the east it is the first wild flower pushing up its hooded spathes in mid-winter. Color, mottled purplish brown and greenish yellow. Time, spring.

No. 7. BLOODROOT (*Sanguinaria canadensis*). *Sanguinaria* means blood in Latin and refers here to the yellowish red juice of the plant. Native to Asia and naturalized in this country. Young leaves sometimes used in salads. Color, white, often tinged with pink. Time, April and May.

If you would like to know more about the little people of the woods, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to

ESTELLE H. ROBBINS

Care of CHILD LIFE

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



# ANIMATED BOTANY

## A COMEDY OF THE WOODS

BY ESTATELLE HARRIET ROBBINS

### JACK'S SERMON

A WEE BROWN BULB GROPING ITS WAY IN DARKNESS THROUGH THE SOD. THE ONLY RECOMPENSE IT ASKS, TO BE A MESSENGER OF GOD.

MY dear children of the Woods: This is, indeed, a frivolous age. While I preach of the Resurrection Plant and a Life Everlasting, you fritter away your hours, dancing with Bees and Grasshoppers, and drinking Labrador Tea from Painted Cups. You come here today, with all your beauty and perfume, thinking only of your-

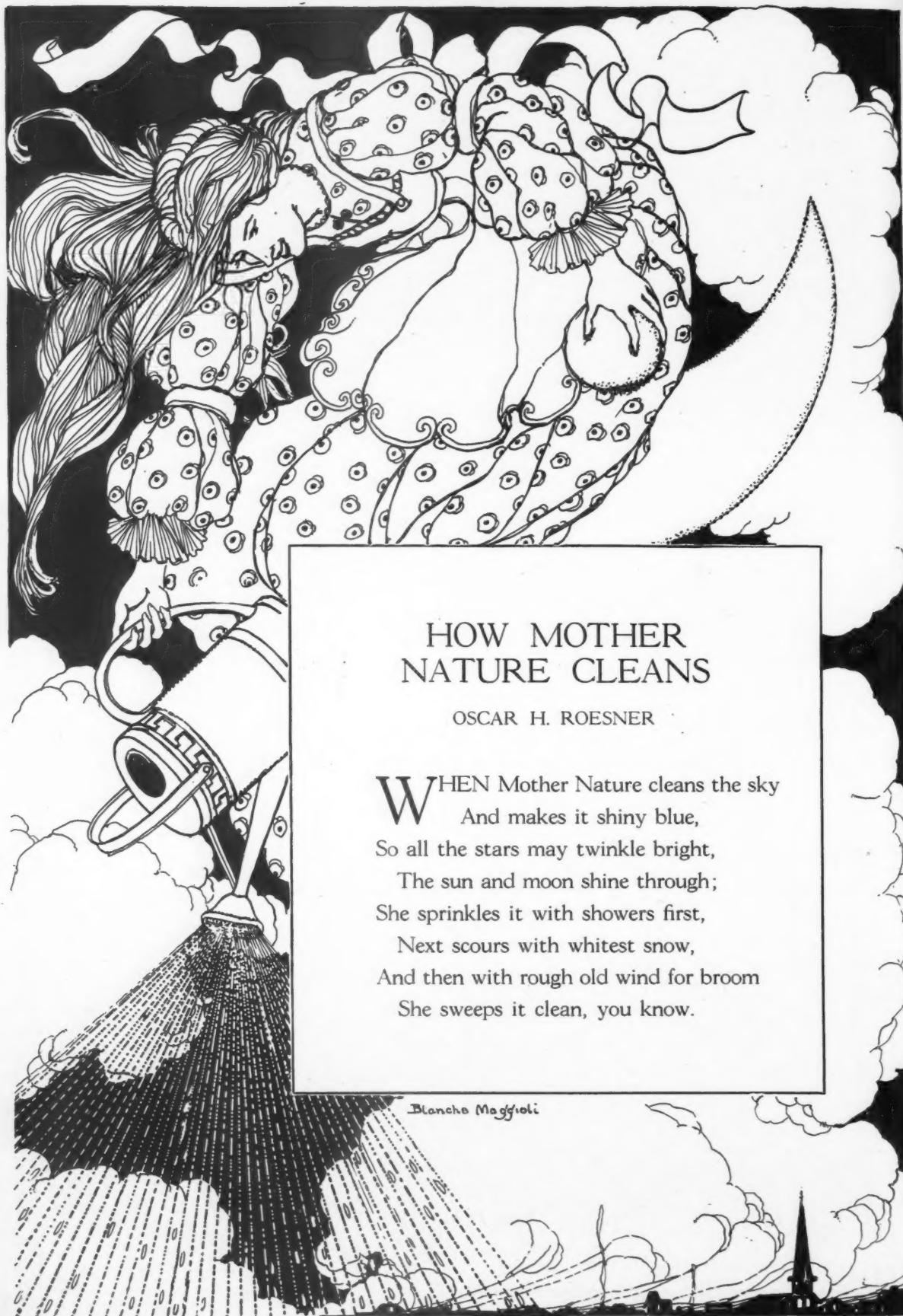
selves. But, tell me, what have you done for your neighbor? Have you led the Blind Gentian to her destination? Or cared tenderly for some downtrodden Weed? Remember, Weeds have their places to fill in God's great plan. We must forgive the Mustard for we know he has a sharp tongue. We are here but a short time. Let us help to make the world more beautiful!



1 EASTER LILY (LILIUM LONGIFLORUM)  
2 TULIP (TULIPA GESNERIANA)

3 VIOLET (VIOLA PALMATA)  
4 CROCUS (CROCUS VERNUS)

5 SNOWDROP (GALANTHUS NIVALIS)  
6 JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT (ARISAEMA TRIPHYLLUM)

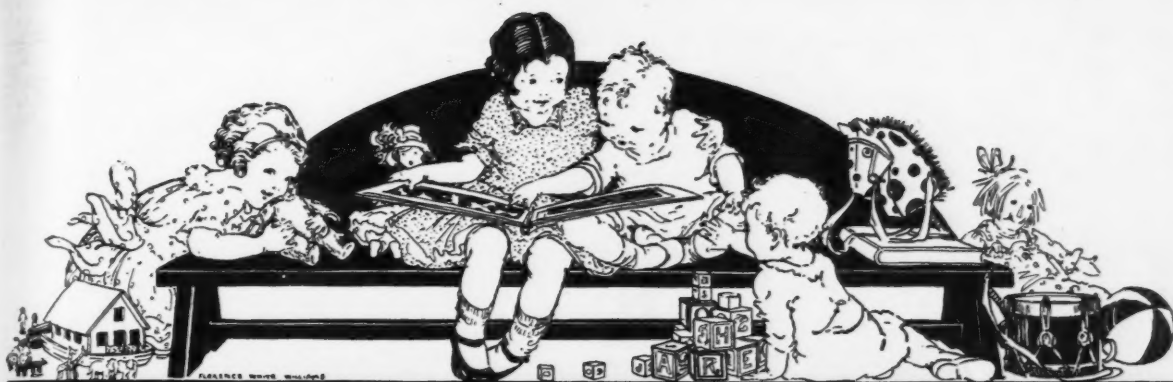


## HOW MOTHER NATURE CLEANS

OSCAR H. ROESNER

WHEN Mother Nature cleans the sky  
And makes it shiny blue,  
So all the stars may twinkle bright,  
The sun and moon shine through;  
She sprinkles it with showers first,  
Next scours with whitest snow,  
And then with rough old wind for broom  
She sweeps it clean, you know.

Blanche Maggioli



## NURSERY · NUGGETS



### MY CHAIR

ANNE M. HALLADAY

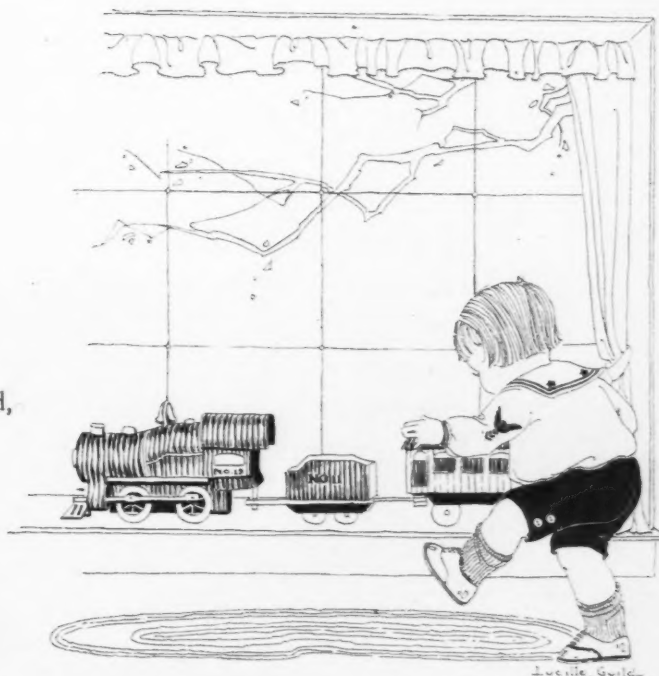
MY daddy made a chair for me;  
 It's just as nice as it can be.  
 It has a pillow at the back,  
 That hangs down on it like a sack,  
 And there I lean my head, and see  
 What all my books would say to me.



### MY ENGINE

ANNE M. HALLADAY

MY engine runs along the sill,  
 I play it is a mountain road,  
 And push it gently not to spill  
 The engineer and all his load.







## IN MOTHER'S EYES

ANNE M. HALLADAY

MY mamma takes my chin within  
 Her paddies, like a cup;  
 And smiles a nice smile down at me  
 Whenever I look up;  
 And in her eyes' black spots, I see  
 Two little boys there, just like me.



## THE TOY SHELF

ANNE M. HALLADAY

ON a shelf in mother's cupboard,  
 She keeps good things for me.  
 I just can't tell you all that's there,  
 It's too high up to see;  
 Sometimes a candy striped with red,  
 Sometimes a man of gingerbread,  
 Once 'twas my doll with a new head  
 She handed down to me.



Margaret Caldwell



## MAPLE TREE TOWN

RUTH KATHRYN GAYLORD

MAPLE Tree Town is saying, "Good morning!"

Stirring and stretching, blinking and yawning;

Wee baby buds are sticking red heads  
Out of the blankets of warm tree-beds;  
Plump Mother Sap is moving around,  
Getting their breakfast out of the ground,  
Making some clothes for the buddies to wear,  
Scrubbing their faces, and brushing their  
hair,

Sweeping the twigs where cobwebs lurk,  
Tumbling the sleepyheads off to work.



Blanche Maggioni



# APRIL FOOL

MARJORIE BARROWS

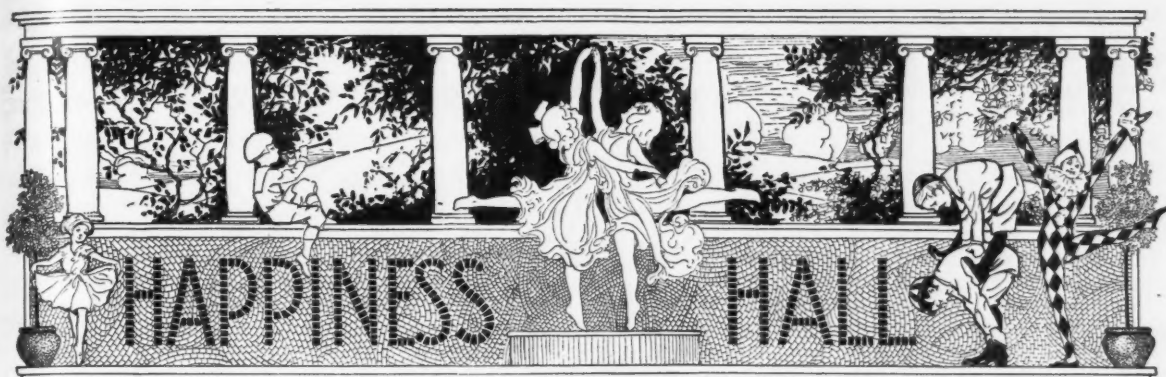
AND Mother's swishy skirt I wore  
 With her Sunday hat I had before  
 When I played Lady-come-to-tea  
 With Dicky underneath our tree.

I swished along the walk alone  
 Until my toes stepped on a stone;  
 But when I bent my head to look  
 I saw it was a pocketbook.

At first it just stood still, and then  
 I stared and stared at it. But when  
 I wondered what it had inside  
 That pocketbook began to slide.

It slid as fast as anything,  
 And then I saw its tail of string,  
 And knew it was a joking play  
 Of Dick's for April Fooling Day.





## THE EASTER CHICKEN

By GEORGENE FAULKNER—"The Story Lady"

**P**EEP—PEEP—PEEP!" called the first little downy chick to his brothers. "Peep—peep—peep! Come out and take a peep—peep—peep at the big world!"

Crick—crack—crick—crack—another egg was hatched; and crick—crack—crick—crack—another and another shell was broken. Out came feathery balls of chicks. As they stirred about they opened their sleepy eyes and gave little chirps to each other.

"Peep—peep! A queer world this certainly is! Peep—peep!"

These spring chickens were hatched out in a big incubator, and although they had no kind mother-hen to cover them over with her wings, still they soon found shelter under a big brooder.

When the farmer's children saw these little chickens they clapped their hands in glee, and shouted, "Oh, wasn't that splendid that so many of our eggs hatched out on Easter Day? And we can always remember this brood as our Easter chickens!"

"I wish that I could have that littlest chick for my very own," said the youngest little girl, Dorothy. "Father, may I call him my own little Easter chicken?"

"Why, certainly, Dot," laughed the farmer, "you may call him your own if you wish. What would you like to name him?"

"I shall name him Fluff," answered Doro-

thy, "because his feathers are so yellow and fluffy. I am sorry for these little tiny chickens because they have no good mother-hen to watch over them."

"You need not worry about that," said the farmer. "For I am going to take eight of these smallest chicks and give them to a mother-hen, and she can be their foster mother."

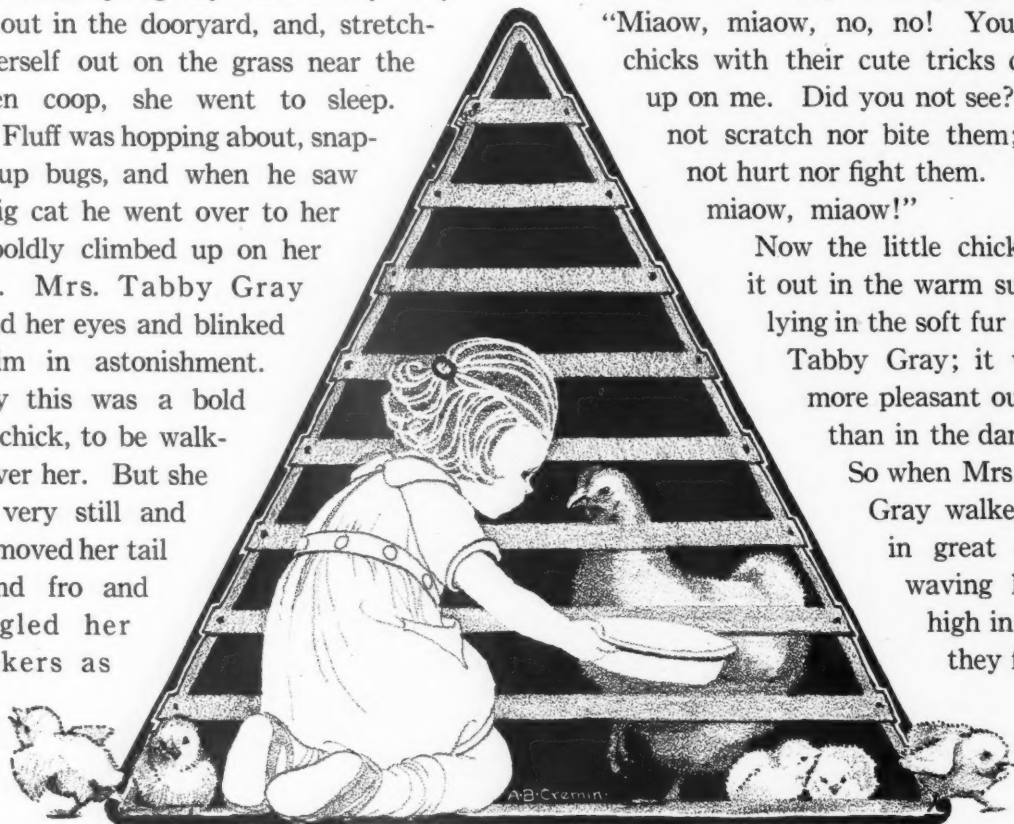
So very soon Fluff and seven of his little brothers and sisters were adopted by Mrs. Speckled Hen. She was a good mother to them, and she taught them to scratch for their food, to drink water, and to eat gravel. And they followed her all about the barnyard. In fact, Mrs. Speckled Hen was so proud of her new family that she walked them about too much, and so the farmer had to put them into a coop. Then Mrs. Speckled Hen could not strut about, and the chickens went in and out through the slats, obeying her call.

When she said, "Cluck, cluck! Come children, cluck, cluck!" they all came running to her side, and all night they slept under her warm feathers.

"I am sure that my little Fluff likes to be with this good mother-hen, instead of under the big brooder where he spent his first days," said Dorothy. "I feel sorry for poor little incubator chickens, with no mother to love them."

But Dorothy did not need to worry about her little Easter chicken, for from the very first he made friends with every one on the farm.

One warm spring day Mrs. Tabby Gray came out in the dooryard, and, stretching herself out on the grass near the chicken coop, she went to sleep. Little Fluff was hopping about, snapping up bugs, and when he saw the big cat he went over to her and boldly climbed up on her back. Mrs. Tabby Gray opened her eyes and blinked at him in astonishment. Surely this was a bold little chick, to be walking over her. But she kept very still and only moved her tail to and fro and wriggled her whiskers as



she watched him. He seemed to like the feeling of her soft fur, and so he chirped to his brothers and sisters, and soon they were all climbing about on the big cat.

Mrs. Tabby Gray turned her head about, and when the little chicks came near her, she tried to wash them with her rough tongue, as though they were little kittens.

Mrs. Speckled Hen peered out from under her coop and glared angrily at the cat. "Will she eat my babies?" The big red tongue of the cat frightened the foster mother.

"Cluck, cluck! Come, come!" she called in alarm, and the chickens slid down from their new friend and went scuttling back to the coop. "Cluck, cluck, bad luck!" scolded the hen. "You must not climb on that cat; she might eat you up. She really might, you know!

Bad luck, bad luck, cluck, cluck, cluck!"

Now Mrs. Tabby Gray was very angry when she heard Mrs. Speckled Hen scolding at her little family, and she got up and came over to the coop and yowled out: "Miaow, miaow, no, no! Your little chicks with their cute tricks climbed up on me. Did you not see? I did not scratch nor bite them; I did not hurt nor fight them. No, no, miaow, miaow!"

Now the little chicks liked it out in the warm sunshine, lying in the soft fur of Mrs. Tabby Gray; it was far more pleasant out there than in the dark coop. So when Mrs. Tabby Gray walked away in great dignity, waving her tail high in the air, they followed

her. She turned about and, stretching herself out on the grass, began to purr very softly. And the little chicks climbed all over her back again. The mother-hen protested loudly, but Fluff and his brothers and sisters would not obey; and, curling themselves down by Mrs. Tabby Gray, they all took a nice nap together, while Mrs. Speckled Hen stretched her long neck out of her coop and glared angrily at the cat.

Every day after that the big cat would lie down near the coop, and Fluff and his brothers and sisters would come out and climb upon her, in spite of the scolding voice of Mrs. Speckled Hen, who never liked to have her family adopted by the cat. However, the chickens all loved Mrs. Tabby Gray. And often little Fluff climbed up on the cat's

head and went to sleep, curled up between her ears.

When Dorothy saw her little Easter chicken on the cat's head she was amazed; but when she saw the cat and the chickens playing together, she said, "No wonder Mrs. Tabby Gray likes those chicks! Her last little kittens were all given away and she is lonely. Poor pussy!"

Mrs. Tabby Gray and Mrs. Speckled Hen were not the only ones who loved these Easter chickens. The farmer's big dog, Towser, was also their friend. Now Towser was the protector of all the animals upon the farm. He always went out at night with the farmer's boy and helped bring home all the cows and sheep. He would call sharply to any of the wanderers, "Bow, wow, wow! Come home now! Bow, wow, wow!" And, if they did not obey promptly, he would run after them and round them up.

When it came time for the chickens to be fed, Towser was always on hand; and if any of them strayed away in the long grass, Towser would bark around after them, chasing them all into the hen yard. But Towser and Mrs. Tabby Gray had never been friends from the days of his puppyhood and her kittenhood. One time she was taking a drink of water and he came up to her pan and started to take a drink of water also. Mrs. Tabby Gray did not approve of this. She arched her back and spit right in his face; and then he chased her about the yard, and when he came toward her, she turned about on him and scratched him on the nose. After that Mrs. Tabby Gray scrambled wildly up an old gnarled apple tree nearby.

With his poor nose smarting, Towser waited and waited for her to come down, and he barked up at her all the dreadful things he would do to punish her; but Mrs. Tabby Gray stayed up there so long Towser had

to give up. For many days after that he chased after her, longing to fight, but she always was too quick for him.

Now as he was older, he did not waste any time quarreling; it was beneath his dignity, but he treated her with great scorn. He still remembered that great big scratch on his nose that she had given him. And when the cat passed him and arched her back, he always growled out at her, as much as to say, "Take care, now! Keep out of my way!"

One day when Towser was walking about on the farm he saw Mrs. Tabby Gray playing with the chickens; and as he watched her petting them he growled to himself, "Well, I never would have believed that the old cat could be so kind. She's improving her manners in her old age. She really is good to those chicks now, but if she ever, ever touches one of them with her sharp claws, I will chew her up for it. Yes, I will! I will keep one eye on her."

And every day after that when Mrs. Tabby Gray went over to the chicken coop, Towser followed her from a distance. And as he watched the fluffy little chickens climbing all over her, he said, "She really is very gentle with them, and they all seem to trust her and love her very much."

Towser took a great fancy to this little chicken family and especially to tiny Fluff, who did not grow as fast as his brothers and sisters. One time when Towser was stretched out on the sidewalk, taking his afternoon nap, Mrs. Speckled Hen and her little brood went across the boards and climbed out on the grass on the other side, picking up bugs to eat.

Little Fluff tried and tried to scramble up on the sidewalk, but he could not do it. "Peep, peep; it is too steep, steep—it's too steep, steep, peep, peep!" called poor Fluff.

"Cluck, cluck, come come!" scolded Mother





Speckled Hen from the other side of the walk; for she always tried to keep her family together. "Cluck, cluck, come come!" she called again.

Towser opened his eyes and watched poor Fluff as he tried to obey and follow his mother. But Fluff could not get up on the sidewalk. He lifted his tiny wings and tried to fly. He tried to jump, but fell sprawling into the dirt at the edge of the walk. Towser saw that something must be done at once. So he lowered his long nose down to the ground and Fluff climbed up on this bridge to the sidewalk and soon jumped down on the other side and joined the mother-hen and family.

Dorothy was just coming up the walk toward the house when she saw Towser do this kind deed for her poor little chick. She ran at once to tell her mother about it.

"Oh, Mother!" she exclaimed. "How I wish that you had seen Towser make a long bridge of his nose for poor little Fluff! I was just going to run and help Fluff over the walk, for I heard him chirping. But good old Towser knew just exactly what to do. Everyone loves my little Easter chicken."

But Dorothy was not the only one who had seen Towser help little Fluff. Mrs. Speckled Hen was watching him, and she clucked her very hearty approval, "Cluck, cluck; good luck, good luck! That dog always knows what to do to help us. He always knows! Cluck, cluck, good luck!"

Mrs. Tabby Gray was watching also, and when she saw her old enemy, the dog, helping her little pet chick, she said, "Miaow, miaow! Now, now! That old dog is really getting sensible in his old age. Towser really and truly tries to help now—miaow! Miaow!"

Then Mrs. Tabby Gray walked right

down the sidewalk and for the first time she spoke to Towser: "Miaow, miaow!" as much as to say, "Now, at last, now, we're really good friends." And Towser answered, "Bow, wow, wow! Yes, indeed, we're good friends now! Good friends now! Bow, wow, wow!"

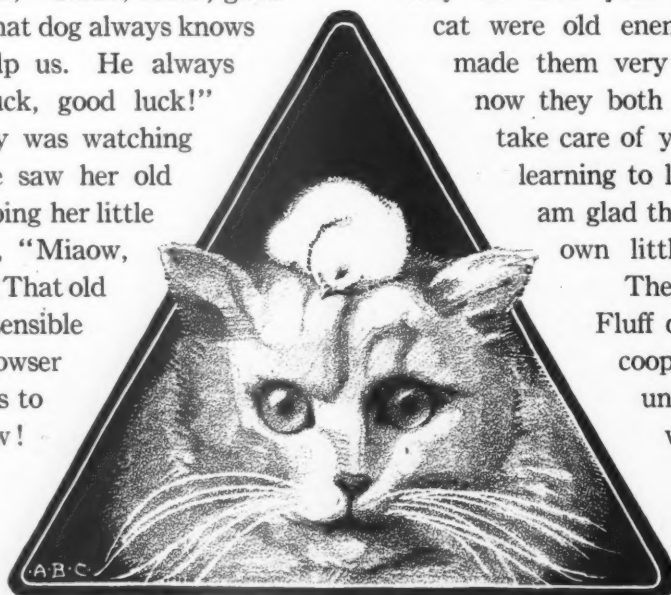
Later, when Dorothy brought out some food for her pets she saw something that almost made her drop her plate. She was so surprised! There, over by the fence, were Mrs. Tabby Gray and Towser drinking from the same pan of water in a very friendly fashion. Then, all at once, she saw little Fluff fly up on the rim of their pan and perch there between both the dog and the cat as he dipped down his little beak, and, taking a long drink of water, held his head far back while the water trickled down his throat.

Towser and Mrs. Tabby Gray both watched him with pride, as much as to say, "He is our little pet chicken. He does fairly well for his age."

And then Fluff chirped at them and, looking from one to another, he seemed to say, "These are both my real friends."

"Well, little Fluff," said Dorothy, as she picked him up gently and carried him back to his coop, "you are a very wise little chick. You love all the people on the farm; so they all love you. The dog and the cat were old enemies, but you have made them very good friends. And now they both love you and try to take care of you, and so they are learning to love one another. I am glad that you are my very own little Easter chicken."

Then Dorothy put little Fluff down by the chicken coop and, as he ran under the mother-hen's wings, he called out to her, "Peep, peep, peep—it is time for sleep! Peep — peep!"





## THE BROWNIE MUSIC BOX

MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN

NOW once there was a Brownie and his name was Peekaboo,  
But why his mother called him that, the Brownie never knew.

At any rate, one afternoon, he made a music box;  
He made it from a walnut shell with spider webs for locks.

"Ho! ho!" exclaimed the Brownie, "'twill be finished very soon,  
For now the only thing I need is just a tinkly tune."

And so he caught a summer song—it really was a sin—  
He lifted up the walnut lid and slyly poked her in.

And then the tricky Brownie pulled the cover tightly shut  
And very calmly went away and left the little nut.

Whereat the tiny summer song the Brownie tucked inside,  
Grew so distressed and worried that she very nearly cried.

But pop, a minute after, went a thought inside her head:  
"Since I'm a little summer song, I'd better sing instead."

Then from the nut there floated forth a tune more faint and sweet  
Than tippy tappy slipper sounds that fall from fairy feet.

And after while a wisp of wind came tumbling through the trees;  
"Be calm, my dear, for I am here!" exclaimed the gallant breeze.

Then down he flew with one big dive and seven bubbly dips.  
"I'll soon attend to this!" he said, and puckered up his lips.

And then he very gently blew and pushed the nut apart,  
And took the little summer song to dwell within his heart.

But as for Brownie Peekaboo, he found the shell and thought,  
"I'm truly sad and sorry for the trouble I have wrought;

"I'll never tease another thing no matter what I do,  
So long as I'm a Brownie and my name is Peekaboo!"



## GUBBY, MAMMIE, AND SPURGIS

BJORN WINGER

FROM a tiny star-island west of the moon  
 Came three little folks in a silver spoon:  
 Gubby, Mammie, and Spurgis wee,  
 With his blunderbuss and his snickersnee.

Gubby's suit was of velvet, his collar was starched,  
 And right through the window the little rogue marched;  
 Played on his banjo a funny old tune  
 And sang of the Squiggerjigs up in the moon.

You'd have laughed, too, when he wound up his nose  
 With a queer little key he had tied to his toes;  
 Then he danced on his eyebrows and wiggled his ears;  
 And laughed till his eyes bubbled over with tears.

Next Mammie, a quaint, dear, motherly soul,  
 (At the end of whose little red nose was a mole),  
 Came bowing and smiling with daintiest grace,  
 In her cap and kirtle of cobwebs and lace.



Down the little brown road, in the nursery wall paper,  
 She came just as Gubby was cutting his caper.  
 "Sakes alive, what a boy!" (though her merry eyes twinkled),  
 "He's gotten his collar all mussy and wrinkled!"

Crack! Out of a peanut shell someone emerges,  
 Who else can it be but our sailor-lad Spurgis!  
 He waves his sou'wester, "Ahoy there!" he  
 screams,  
 "I'm back from my cruise to the Kingdom of  
 Dreams!"





"And what did you see when in Dreamland you sailed?"  
We asked little Spurgis. Our timid hearts quailed  
At the stories of pirates who traverse the deep  
And steal from the children their dreams while they sleep.

"A Dragon with only one big yellow eye;  
He'd scare you so much you'd wish you could die!"  
And then we all laughed when he boastfully said,  
"I wasn't afraid—I just cut off his head!"

Then Mammie arose from her wee little chair  
And pulled a tea-table right out of the air;  
Winked both her eyes and—would you believe it?  
She made tea from rose leaves. Take it or leave it!

For cups she used acorns; the napkins were leaves,  
(Mammie had all of these hid up her sleeves);  
And Spurgis was scolded for being a glutton.  
He had eaten a cookie as big as a button!

After the tea-things were all put away  
And the reddening sun marked the close of day,  
Mammie told all the stories that she ever knew  
And every last one of those stories was true!

She told 'bout the Whiffenspoof, dreadful and dire,  
Whose breath was more hot than a gasoline fire!  
And she told what became of the Babes in the Wood;  
And where puppies and kitties go if they are good.

She told us who 'tis paints the leaves in the fall;  
And that Jack Frost's first name isn't Jack—not at all!  
She wouldn't tell what it is—besides she couldn't spell it,  
So it would not be polite if we'd ask her to tell it.

"My sakes, little children, it's time to retire!"  
Said Mammie and away they danced into the fire;  
Up the chimney they flew in their own silver spoon  
To their little star-island west of the moon.



# JUST LIKE THIS

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY BESS DEVINE JEWELL

Most of the bunch were regular monkeys when it came to climbing trees, and Stubby Smith could climb any kind of a tree

JUST LIKE THIS



Even the trees had to have their fun by catching him and holding him by his little blouse

JUST LIKE THIS



After a very ungraceful fall he sat where he fell, bruised and discouraged

JUST LIKE THIS

He could even do stunts up on the highest branches

JUST LIKE THIS



When suddenly his little elfin friend appeared, and after a short talk Pudgy started to climb the tallest tree. Up he went to the tippy top and swayed back and forth with the breeze as though he were flying

JUST LIKE THIS

But when Pudgy climbed trees, he didn't

JUST LIKE THIS





Conducted by ELIZABETH GORDON

## HOW THE EASTER BUNNY FOUND BILLY, BETTY, AND SUE

**I**T was Easter Eve. The Easter Bunny, with his basket of eggs, was on his way home across the fields to wherever he lives, singing to himself:

One a penny, two a penny,  
Hot-cross buns!  
If ye have no daughters,  
Give them to your sons—

"My!" said he, breaking off in the middle of his song. "Is that a light in the window of the little new bungalow at the foot of the lane? It surely *is*, and I'd better go and take a look around there. Perhaps some new people have moved in. I must go and see. It surely would be dreadful if I should miss any children!"

So hippety-hop went the Easter Bunny, and, tiptoeing up the new red brick wall in front of the new bungalow, he pressed his pink



nose against a windowpane and looked right into a spick-and-span room where stood three little white beds with the covers all turned down, ready for the three little white-robed children, who were all ready to go to bed, to pop into them.

"Now, children," called the mother's voice from the next room, "hop right into bed now!"

"All right, Mother dear," said Betty who was six years old, and always did just what Mother asked her to. "But—I wonder if the Easter Bunny will bring us any eggs?"

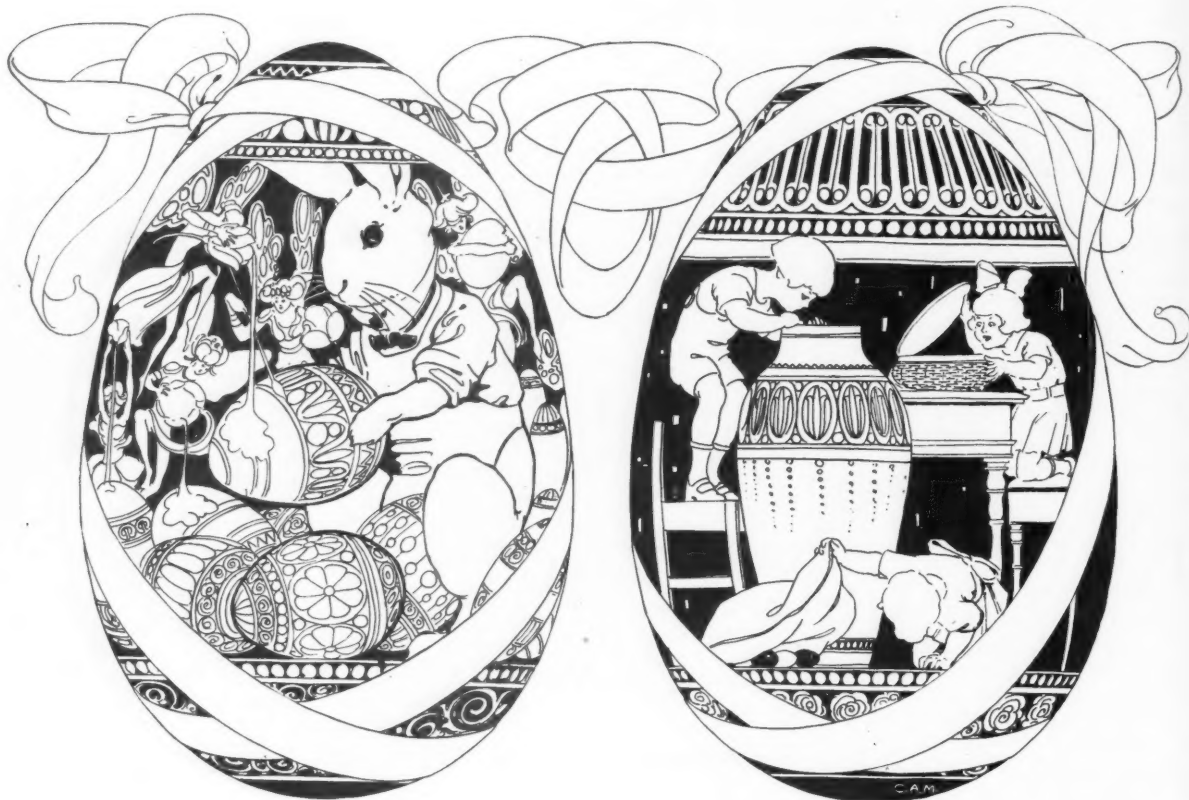
"All right, Mother dear," said Sue, who was almost three, and who almost always did what Mother asked her to. "And I wonder



if the Easter Bunny will bring us any eggs?"

"I'm in bed, Mother!" called Billy, as he hopped in and pulled the blankets up around

"Willing to leave it to me, are they? Dear trusting little folks! And I just happened to see the light in the windows! I must be getting careless. Imagine if these children had



his chin. "Of course, the Bunny will bring us some eggs. He always does."

Billy was eight years old, you see, and very *very* wise.

"The Easter Bunny may not know where to find us," said Betty. "We've moved."

"Leave that to him," said Billy, in his big-brotherly way. "You both go to sleep now, and give him a chance to come."

"I'm asleep," said Sue, snuggling down under her pink blanket. And just then Mother snapped off the light.

The Easter Bunny took his pink nose off the windowpane and looked anxiously into his basket. Then he said:

My eggs are certainly too few,  
I need about a dozen or two;  
I wonder who'll give them to me.  
I'll go to Farmer Brown's and see.

not had eggs for their Easter breakfast! I must not lose any more time!"

So off he trotted to Farmer Brown's, and poking his head in at the door of the little house where Speckly Chick-a-biddy was sitting on her nest, he said:

Happy Easter, Chick-a-biddy!  
Here I am once more;  
I need a lot more Easter eggs,  
Please lend me three or four?"

But Speckly only clucked and murmured crossly, "I haven't any Easter eggs. They've all turned into chicks. I wish you wouldn't come around here waking them up."

"I'm sorry if I have disturbed you," said the Easter Bunny, dropping into plain everyday prose, "but I have simply got to have some more eggs. And now I'll try Mrs.

Leghorn at Farmer White's. Perhaps she has some left."

Mrs. Leghorn had retired, but when the Easter Bunny asked her for some eggs she roused up and said, "Why, certainly; take as many as you like. You will find my nest right under the left-hand corner of the haystack, way in deep. But if you color them, Easter Bunny, be sure not to use anything but the purest colors."

"As if I would!" laughed the Easter Bunny. "Thank you kindly for the eggs, and a happy Easter to you, Mrs. Leghorn. And now," he added, "I'll just trot along home and get these eggs ready. There won't be any too much time."

But after he had hippety-hopped across the fields to his home, he found that the twins, Whity and Spotty, had been using all his Easter egg colors to decorate themselves with. And they had not left a single bit to use for coloring the eggs for the children in the new bungalow.

The twins looked so *very* funny that he just sat down and laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks. But presently he stopped laughing and said, "You look just like Grandmother Bunny's crazy patchwork, and I don't know how we shall ever get the color off you. But anyway, I think you, Spotty, and you, Whity dear, had better see if you can find some flower-color elves to help you out of your difficulties."

Then Spotty and Whity started out and ran right into the Tulip color sprites, and the Jonquil sprites, and the Violet sprites, who, having finished their work, were on their way home with some of the little grass gnomes. And all of the flower-color elves had a few colors left and were very

glad to help the friendly little Easter Bunny.

And so that was all right.

Next morning as the sun was shining brightly through the windows of the new little bungalow at the foot of the lane, and hyacinths, tulips, and lilies were nodding their Easter greetings at Mr. Sun, the children, Billy, Betty, and Sue, were turning over the cushions, and peeping in all the vases, and under the tables and *everywhere*, looking for Easter eggs.

Billy had a basketful, and so had Betty and so had Sue. "Look, Father! Look, Mother!" they said. "The Easter Bunny *did* find us. And did you ever see such wonderfully colored eggs? They are just the color of the flowers. And here's a note from the Easter Bunny that says they are really good to eat."

"Shall I scramble them for you on the new little electric grill, right here on the table?" asked Mother.

"Oh, please, do, Mother, and let us watch you!" said Billy and Betty and Sue.

"Watch closely then," said mother. "First we break the eggs into a bowl. Then we whip them all together with a fork. Then we add a teaspoonful of milk for each egg—and a pinch of salt, and pour it all into our little hot pan, on the new grill, stirring until it is golden brown—like this."

It was a delicious breakfast. Besides the Easter eggs there was fresh warm milk, crisp toast, and golden honey. And they ate and ate and ate.

"Time for Sunday School," said Mother, as the last piece of toast and honey went to join the first.

"All right, Mother dear," said Billy and Betty and Sue.





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## TYPES OF CHILDREN

### 'CESCA'S REWARD

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

'CESCA shook the woolen rags over the side of the gondola. Then she folded and pressed them into a neat pile and gave the brass railing a final polish.

"It is perfect!" she exclaimed happily, and she took a deep breath. "Perfect!"

But no! A speck of a finger mark caught her eye, and again she set to rubbing. Rub, rub, rub! Not a finger mark should spoil her work. Rub, rub, rub! Never should it be said that Francesca was a lazy girl, not to be trusted with the polishing of the beautiful gondola!

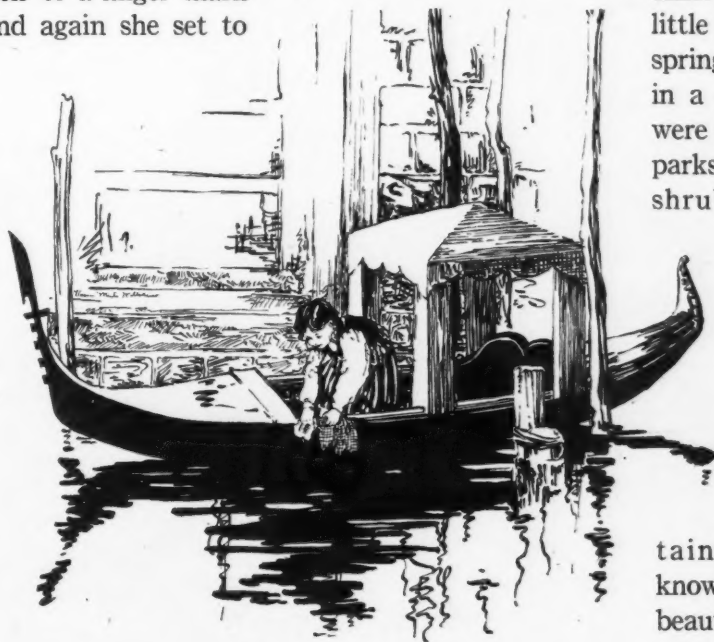
Carefully she looked her work over; each brass railing, each knob and corner was inspected. Not a mark could she discover. Her dark brown eyes shone with pride. Then, being careful that no lint got on the black velvet cushions, she shook and folded the woolen cloths,

tucked them away in the little compartment where they belonged, and sat down in one end of the gondola to enjoy the spring sunshine and her own dreams till her father was ready to depart.

It was springtime. How did 'Cesca know that? How could any little girl know it was spring when she lived in a place where there were no gardens, no parks where flowers and shrubs bloomed, no country where fields, freshly plowed, smelled of the spring? 'Cesca could not even tell the spring, as could her little cousins up on the mountains. They would know the spring by the beautiful green vineyards, by the deep

shadows under the chestnut trees, or by the bleating of baby goats.

But none of these ways of telling the springtime were 'Cesca's. All 'Cesca needed was to sit in her father's gondola on the tiny canal



in front of their little home and feel the warm sunshine on her back, on her hair, on every little dancing wavelet in the canal. For nowhere on earth is the spring sunshine so golden as in the city of Venice, where 'Cesca lived. It gleamed in the air, it warmed the little girl's heart, and, as she looked across the stretches of mud and swamp toward the city, she saw it glittering on the domes and spires of the beautiful buildings along the Grand Canal.

For Francesca was not one of the rich little girls who lived in a beautiful palace on the Grand Canal, but the daughter of a gondolier who lived on the edge of Venice. When 'Cesca was a tiny baby her father had had a poor, old gondola which he used for

get passengers to ride up and down on the Grand Canal. Fortunately he did more than dream; he worked hard and saved his money; so that about the time 'Cesca was big enough to help about the tiny house, he had saved enough money to buy the new gondola.

Such a day as that was! 'Cesca could never forget it! Why, she had been almost afraid to step into the gondola, it was so fine. And as for touching the brasses—she never even thought of such a thing. But before very long, 'Cesca's little brother was born and her mother had much work to do. So 'Cesca was taught how to polish the brasses. Very bright and shining she kept them, too, even though it did make her arm ache with tiredness sometimes.



carrying folks to and from the fish market. But he never liked that. Always he dreamed of owning a beautiful black gondola with brass railings and black velvet cushions so he could

While 'Cesca was still smiling at the sunshine and her dreams, her father was putting on his fresh coat and telling her mother good-by. "Want to ride with me today, 'Cesca?"

he asked smilingly, as he came toward her.

Such a question! Who wouldn't want to ride on a day like that?

"Then you may sit in the big seat now, daughter mine," he said kindly. "When we arrive at the Grand Central Railway Station, you may curl up in a little ball and sit by my feet. Such a good girl should have a ride this fine day." 'Cesca needed no urging. She slipped along the center of the gondola until she came to the cushioned seat, and there she sat, feeling very grand, and pretending she was a great lady sight-seeing.

A toss of the rope that held the gondola to the piling, a wave to the mother standing in the doorway, one quick, skillful push with the long pole, and they were off! Through the tiny canal

that was their own street, into a dark, narrow passage between great buildings, around a corner where her father shouted, "Yo, ho!" to warn any gondolier coming from the other way, and, long before 'Cesca wanted

the ride to be over, they turned into the Grand Canal.

'Cesca caught her breath; it looked so beautiful. As far as she could see, brightly colored buildings gleamed in the sunshine, and gondolas covered the water. Here and there a steamboat chugged along. There were not many, for the swish of the water, as the steamboat went up the canal, was not good for the foundations of the buildings. The gondoliers hated the steamboats, but 'Cesca rather liked them; she liked to rock in the swell the steamboat left behind.

Along the canal her father poled till they reached the station, and there they waited

by the piling. It was about time for the morning train, and maybe he would get a good passenger.

'Cesca curled up in the bottom of the boat and eyed the people as they came from the station. Surely some one would wish to ride; would see how beautiful her father's gondola was, and how bright and clean were the brasses!

And some one did. Out from the station came two Americans with—how 'Cesca's brown eyes did open wide—a little girl just about as big as 'Cesca!

"Oh, let's take this boat!" exclaimed the little girl gaily. "See how clean and shining it is, father? And see? There's a little girl in it about as big as me."

Of course 'Cesca couldn't understand just what was said. But she couldn't help understanding the smile of the little American girl, as 'Cesca's father helped her into the gondola.

That was a wonderful day. All day long they rode up and down the Grand Canal just as 'Cesca loved to; they glided in and out of many a tiny canal at the side, and they feasted on fruits shared with 'Cesca. Finally when evening came, the kind passengers were left at their hotel. 'Cesca could hardly wait to get home and tell her mother all about it.

"And tell her this," added her father when 'Cesca stopped the story, and began eating a bowl of steaming cornmeal mush her mother set before her, "tell her that they took our gondola because it was so clean and shining. It's a good little helper I have, Francesca."

And 'Cesca's little face flushed with joy.







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## TITIAN, THE COLOR-MASTER

By MAXINE DAVIS

**G**REAT things are always happening, if we have the eyes to see and the wish to know. Every year is a gift and brings gifts. But one year, a long, long time ago, was particularly wonderful.

It was 1477. It was then that Caxton printed the very first book that had ever been made, and then that the boy Tiziano Vecellio, or, as he is commonly called, Titian, was born. Thus, before Columbus discovered America, there grew in the little town called Cadore, in the Friulian Alps, only a short distance from Venice, one of the greatest painters the world has ever known—Titian, the great color-master, whose pictures all the artists of the present age have never surpassed.

Wherever you are is beauty, and Titian saw wonder in the bare crags of his mountain home and in its River Piave which boiled and raced in its anxiety to be on its way. When he was a little boy, he longed to go to the city and learn under the great Bellini. But he loved his home, and never forgot its majesty. Some of his greatest pictures show the rugged country of his birth.

Even when he was very young, Titian wanted to go to Venice, that magic place, the "White Water Lily of Cities." For Venice, you know, is built on seventy islands, with no

streets but the canals, with the splish-splash of oars and sound of the boatmen singing the only sounds of traffic; and with the bright Italian sun making veils of gold of the morning mists, and rainbows of the little spray behind the gondolas, which are the street cars and automobiles of old Venice.

But Titian's father had other plans for his son. Gregorio Vecellio, who was a warrior and a councilor of Cadore and a great man among his own people, had no wealth; and in those days an education was not considered as important as we know it to be. So Titian was to be apprenticed to learn a trade.

But the boy wanted to paint. He would lie awake nights wondering how he could persuade those about him that he could paint, and should study. During the daytime he wandered about making rough sketches on anything he could find. Then he would see the splendor of the world, which, strangely enough, even his sister Orsa, who loved him and kept his home for him in later years, could not understand. Some folks even nowadays believe that an artist imagines things; they do not know it is they who are blind to the colors in the shadows running along the grass, or the shapes of fairy ships in the clouds, or the prayer for blossoms in the

upstretched arms of empty trees in the winter. If you have the seeing eye and the understanding heart, you know all that, whether you can copy it or not.

Now Titian's heart was full of the color and graceful form of everything about him, and he was very, very anxious to show his friends, who laughed at him, telling him that painting was only for wealthy men's sons.

But how could he paint without paints?

You know, if you want big things hard enough, and work hard for them, you will find them. One morning Titian was going along the village street. It was a bright June day, and Titian was very glad to be outdoors. And, whistling to a blackbird atilt on a treetop, he didn't watch his path. He stumbled.

Before he got up, he noticed the most wonderful thing: the stains on the stones made by crushed flowers! They were fresh, delicate colors; the sort only the Lady of Summer-time has on her palette. There were Titian's paints!

For a whole day Titian walked about, too excited with his discovery to speak. Finally he told his sister, Orsa, about it. At first she laughed. But when she saw that her little brother really was going to paint a picture,

she wanted to help, because she loved him. And those you love, you always want to serve, don't you?

Of course, there wasn't anything she could do but help gather the flowers and keep the undertaking a secret. But that she did very well. So the two went into the woods and up the mountains and gathered the brightest hued blossoms they could find, the masses of color that Titian saw in his dream pictures.

He selected an old stone house that was seldom visited and that was quite empty. His father owned it, and he could be quite certain of not being seen by the villagers. So here he came, day after day. Each petal made only a very little stain, and it was hard work and tedious work. But Titian never tired. For who can tire of the Vision of Beauty?

One day he called his sister. "It is done," he said. It was a very solemn

minute. Then Orsa, overjoyed, ran, half dancing, to the old stone house. When she came near, she stopped and stood very still.

"A Madonna," she whispered softly.

It was a Madonna and Child, with a little boy like Titian bringing gifts. And it was so beautiful that the rain never washed it away, nor did the sun ever fade the coloring.



The Descent of the Holy Ghost



To this very day people go to look at the first masterpiece of the great Titian.

Of course, his father and all the villagers were impressed, and realized that the gift of painting was not for the sons of the wealthy alone. And it was arranged that Titian should go to Venice.

Had any little boy ever known such joy! You see he was only nine years old, and the city is very big when one is nine. His first teacher was Zuccaro, a worker in mosaic, which is the art of making pictures with colored tiles. But it was not long before his ambitions were realized, and he was sent to Gentile Bellini himself. Bellini was the greatest artist in Venice, and he took a great deal of interest in the little boy.

And so, of course, he grew up. And he lived ninety-nine years, each year presenting a gift

to the world. For he painted pictures constantly, each one increasingly lovely. He is known for his wonderful coloring, his beauty and grace of line, and the sweetness of much of his work. He had understanding

and love in his paintings, and some day you all must see some of them. They are scattered, but many are in Italy yet.

Among the many famous masterpieces of this great artist are the two that you see on these pages.

When you go to Venice you will see "The Descent of the Holy Ghost," much

darkened by age, in the church of Santa Maria della Salute. The other picture is taken from his celebrated "Assumption of the Madonna." This beautiful painting Titian made for the high altar of the church of the Frari at Venice. You will find it still in Venice, but it is now hanging in the Academy of Fine Arts.

Titian came to be the friend of kings and great men, for they recognized that the truest nobility is the nobility of great works.

Many of his pictures are yet in the palaces

of old Venice. He worked hard and constantly, and neither great wealth nor his royal comrades ever made him forget for an instant his high calling or his mountain home.



Assumption of the Madonna



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## SONGS OUR GREAT GRANDFATHERS SANG

By ANNE FAULKNER OBERNDORFER

HAVE you studied your history lesson for tomorrow?" asked Mother anxiously, as she watched the twins open the phonograph and take out the new records that their father had just brought home.

"They had better study history," said Mabel, who most keenly felt the responsibility of being the older sister of the twins. "Miss Jones told me she will be giving your room a history examination at the end of this week."

"Oh, dear," wailed Doris, the girl twin, "I just hate that old history! I read and read and I never can remember a thing. I don't see any sense in knowing about things that happened so long ago, anyway."

"Some of it isn't so bad," volunteered Dick. "I like the stories about the sea fights but it isn't a bit interesting after the wars are over. There doesn't seem to be anything doing from the War of 1812 to the Civil War at all. I want to play these records now, and I don't want to have to study history."

Father put down his newspaper and rose to his feet. "Well, if you want to have some records, let us hear some and study history at the same time. Maybe I will sing some of these old songs for you, too. There was far more interesting music in America at the time you mention than you youngsters seem to realize. Do you know where Grandpa's old song books are, Mother?"

Soon Father and Mother had found two or

three old books of songs, and Father had picked out a few records from his collection. "Come, Mabel, you shall play my accompaniments for me!" he called gaily. "Get ready for the concert, everybody!"

"I'll try," said Mabel, "but I have been so busy at school lately that my practicing has been interrupted, and I haven't been doing so well with my music."

"That will never do," said Father seriously. "I want all you young folks to know that I am willing to pay for music lessons only so long as you think of your music as being of just as much importance as your other lessons. When you get older it may be the one thing that you learn now that will help you through life the most."

"May I stay up?" said small Tommy.

"Yes, indeed," replied Mother, catching him up in her arms and putting out a hand to each twin. "We four will cuddle up together on the couch and be the audience."

"No, you don't," said Father merrily. "First, we are all going to sing together. We ought to begin with our national anthem, anyway; but it is particularly appropriate on this program, for these wonderful words were written during the War of 1812."

"Oh, I remember!" said Dick. "Isn't this the song that Francis Scott Key wrote?"

"Yes," replied Father. "Tell us about it."

"Well," answered Dick, "I read that



Francis Scott Key was a young lawyer who went out to the British fleet to see about a friend of his who was a prisoner of war. The fleet was planning to attack Fort McHenry that night; so they kept Key on board their flag boat, and he was so worried for fear the American fort would fall, that all through the night he watched to see if the star spangled banner was still waving over the fort. And he wrote this song that night."

"You remember that story well," said Father. "But recall next time that the tune Key used was an old song sung in Washington's time called 'To Anacreon in Heaven.'"

After the "Star Spangled Banner" had been sung with a will, Father said, "You were right about those great sea fights in the War of 1812, which is sometimes called the 'War of the Sea.' I think I'll sing first a very old sea song that was written to commemorate the battle between the 'Constitution' and the 'Guerriere.' This was composed by an Englishman named Charles Dibdin, who wrote many sea songs during his life. Although he was nearly seventy when he died in 1814, his songs are still sung by sailors everywhere today."

"That's great," said Dick, appreciatively, after his father had finished the many verses of this old song that told of the wonderful victory. "I wish you would sing some more of his songs."

"We won't have time for but one more," his father replied. "But I will sing one by Dibdin that was a favorite of mine when I was

in college. It is called 'Tom Bowling,' and it is the most popular song of the sea ever written."

"My favorite song of the sea is 'Three Fishers Went Sailing Out into the West,'" said Mother. "I wish you would sing that."

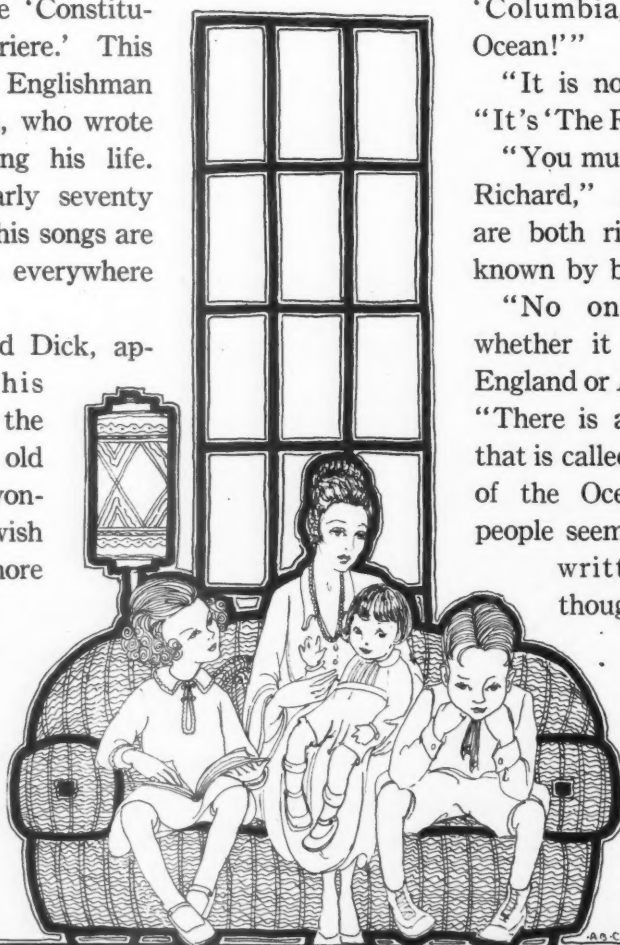
"I will sing it," said Father, "although it really belongs to a later time. The popularity of writing these songs of the sea lasted nearly fifty years in America, and during that time many famous sea songs were written." So Father sang about the three fishers and their tragic history and then said, "The last sea song this evening will be 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.' Now let us close this part of our program by singing together another national air. Mabel, you play the opening chords and see who can tell first the name of the song."

"I know! I know!" cried Doris. "It's 'Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean!'"

"It is not," said Dick rudely. "It's 'The Red, White and Blue.'"

"You must not speak that way, Richard," said Mother. "You are both right, for this song is known by both those names."

"No one knows, however, whether it was written first in England or America," said Father. "There is a version of this song that is called 'Britannia, the Pride of the Ocean.' However, most people seem to agree that it was written in America, although they do not know which one of two men really did write the song. David T. Shaw and Thomas à Becket both claimed the honor."



"Well, it doesn't make any difference to me," said Mother. "I think I like this song the best of any American patriotic song. It is so full of martial spirit, it arouses all my feelings of patriotism."

"Many of the songs that were sung during the early days of the nineteenth century came from Scotland and Ireland," said Father. "Can either of you young historians think why this was?"

"I don't know whether I am right," said Doris, "but I remember our teacher said that the reason why there was so much English, French and Spanish music in America in Colonial days was because the people were coming to America from those lands. Maybe there were more people coming then from Scotland and Ireland."

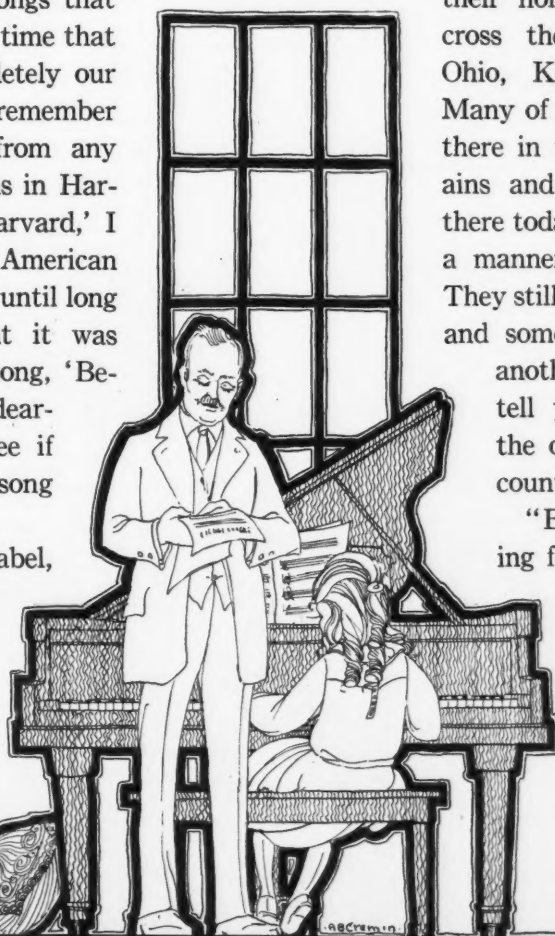
"That's right! You are a pretty good little guesser," replied Father. "Yet there are many of these old songs that came to America at this time that we have made so completely our own that it is hard to remember that they ever came from any other land. When I was in Harvard and sang 'Fair Harvard,' I thought that it was an American tune, and I didn't know until long after I left college that it was originally an old Irish song, 'Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms.' See if you can find that in this song book, dear."

"Here it is," said Mabel, "and here's another by the same composer, Thomas Moore. Oh, here's another by him. I didn't know that 'The Last Rose of Summer' is an Irish air."

"There are many of the most popular songs that are sung all over the world that originally came from Ireland," said Father. "Sir Thomas Moore, who lived from 1779 to 1853, was a very remarkable poet who wrote verses to some of the very old Irish folk airs. Besides the ones we have just heard, you young people know 'The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls' and 'The Minstrel Boy.'"

"After the War of 1812," continued Father, "came some interesting days of adventure in America. Although our country had established her independence, she was just beginning to find out many things about herself. Almost every month some brave little band of pioneers would leave their homes to go out into the new world beyond the mountains. Some of them left their homes in New England to go out to the prairies and forests of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. Some left their homes in the Virginias to cross the Appalachians toward Ohio, Kentucky and Missouri. Many of them settled down right there in the Appalachian Mountains and their descendants live there today in almost as primitive a manner as their ancestors did. They still sing the same old songs, and some evening we will have another music hour when I will tell you about this music—the oldest folk music in our country."

"But the man who is searching for a new home loves to remember the things that made home so dear to him. And it is interesting to find in the songs of this day that songs of home and of sentiment were quite as popular as songs of



adventure. Now you are going to hear the greatest song of home that was ever written." So Father put a record of "Home, Sweet Home" on the phonograph. "Although the air was by an Englishman, Sir Henry R. Bishop," he continued, "the words we all love so well were written by an American, John Howard Payne. It seems strange that the man who wrote the greatest song of home ever penned should have been an outcast and a wanderer without a home all his life. Once he said, 'How often have I been in the heart of some great city, Berlin, Paris or London, and have heard people singing, or hand organs playing, my "Home, Sweet Home" without having a shilling to buy myself the next meal or a place to lay my head.' Payne died away from home, as Consul for the United States in Tunis in 1852."

The little audience sat quiet with tears in their eyes as the beautiful voice sang of "Home, Sweet Home."

"Now," said Father, "Mother and I will sing together some of the songs that used to be sung to us by our fathers and mothers. Another Englishman, Thomas Haynes Bayly, wrote many popular songs that have lived far longer than the so-called popular music does today." So Mother and Father sang "The Long, Long Ago," "Gaily the Troubadour," and "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," and the children soon sang with them.

"Speaking of popular songs," said Mother, "wasn't 'Ben Bolt' the only song to be a best seller twice?"

"Yes," replied Father, "and in a way it is still one of America's most popular songs. Both the author of the words, Dr. Thomas Dunn English, and the composer of the music, Nelson Kneass, are but little known; yet their popular 'Ben Bolt' was soon heard everywhere in the world. Steamboats were named 'Ben Bolt' and 'Sweet Alice,' and from the day the song appeared, in 1848, it was sung in theaters and concert halls, and ground out on organs. Plays and novels were written about it. The

best known story in which it appeared was the novel, 'Trilby,' which came out about thirty years ago.

"The most important musician of this time," continued Father, "was Lowell Mason, of Boston, the first American to realize the importance of music in the public schools. Through his influence music teachers were given better instruction in our own country. Dr. Mason wrote hymns mostly, but here is one of his secular songs called 'Wildwood Flowers,' which was first sung by the school children of Boston on the Common one day in 1838. Because of this song Dr. Mason was appointed supervisor of music in the city schools of Boston. And that is why you young people have such splendid music in the public schools today."

After the children had sung this simple song, Mother said, "Before we say 'good night,' we might sing the best known hymn that Dr. Mason wrote."

"I know that," said Mabel. "It is called 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains,' and Father used to sing it to me when I was studying geography."

Father and Mother both laughed. "That is one of Dr. Mason's most popular hymns, it is true, Mabel," said Father, "but if you will look through the hymn book you will find many more. However, the old favorite that I meant is 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.' " So they all sang the hymn together.

As the twins were undressing for bed that night, Mother heard them discussing the evening hour of music. "I'm going to find out all about those people who lived in America after the War of 1812," said Doris. "If they had such lovely music, it certainly must be worth while to know what they did."

"And Father told me," said Dick, "that when we come to the Civil War we will find that America made the very best war music ever written. Let's hurry up and get to that time so we can have another concert."



# In Film Land

Conducted by **HARRIET MICHAEL**

*Former State Chairman of the Better Films Committee of the Illinois Congress of Mothers and of the Parent-Teachers' Association  
Present Chairman of Better Films Committee of the Chicago Woman's Aid*

**W**HEN Jeanne was a little girl, some twenty-five years ago, she read "Little Lord Fauntleroy" so many times that her first book was quite worn out. Ever since then a copy of that book has been on her library shelves; for it is a story that is ever new. And the motion picture people realized how much everyone loves it when they made this delightful film.

Of course, you all remember Cedric, who afterwards became Little Lord Fauntleroy? And you remember how he made friends with the corner grocery store man, Mr. Hobbs, and the bootblack Dick, and the apple woman, Mrs. McGinty? And you have not forgotten Dearest, Cedric's mother,—how much she seemed like your own very dear mother; nor the cross old grandfather, the Earl of Dorincourt, who did not love anyone until Lord Fauntleroy came into his life? All of these people have been made so real in the motion picture that right after seeing it you will want to read the story all over again.

The first picture in the film version is of

Cedric's mother, Dearest, waiting for him to return from school. She is preparing a nice lunch for him. There is bread and butter, with heaps of brown sugar on it, and there is a great glass of milk. But while she is wait-

ing for Cedric to arrive, a man, who has come all the way from England, enters. This man brings the most surprising news. He tells Dearest that Cedric is Little Lord Fauntleroy and that he must come to England to live with his grandfather, the Earl of Dorincourt! Dearest is very unhappy

about this, as the grandfather had never been kind to Cedric's father, and now that she is alone in the world, with only Cedric to love, she feels that she would rather be very poor and keep Cedric in America. However, she loved Cedric's father very dearly, and she knows that he would have wished Cedric to have all the advantages that his position as Lord Fauntleroy would bring him.

Cedric now comes running into the room, with his bright curls flying about his shoulders. He is told that he is Lord Fauntleroy and that





he may have as much money as he wishes. He decides at once that Dearest must have a pink silk dress, that is, if she likes pink. And Mrs. McGinty, the apple woman, must have a stove to keep her warm and a tent to protect her from the rain and snow, as she sits in the park selling apples. He wants Dick, the bootblack, to have enough money to go into business for himself. And he wants Mr. Hobbs, the corner grocery man, to have a gold watch and chain. And he is very happy when he gives his friends these presents.

The following picture shows Little Lord Fauntleroy in the old grocery store, bidding his three friends good-by. Mr. Hobbs gives Cedric a mouth organ, to cheer him on his way; and Dick, the bootblack, gives him a great red silk handkerchief ornamented with purple horseshoes and horses' heads! Cedric promises that he will use it whenever he goes to great parties in England.

Next we see Cedric and his mother in England, driving through a wonderfully beautiful park, which the lawyer, Mr. Havisham, explains to Cedric will all be his some day. Cedric's mother is told that she can not live at the castle with him, but that Cedric can visit her as often as he cares to at a little home in the park. Cedric spends his first night in England with his mother. But the next picture shows Dearest and Cedric saying good-by.

When Cedric, or Little Lord Fauntleroy, as he is now called, is brought to his grandfather's home, a great dog comes to meet him. Now most boys might have feared this great mastiff, which is almost as big as a lion. But as Cedric has no more fear in his heart than he has unkindness, he puts his hand on the dog's collar and the two slowly walk down the great room towards the large old man. Very soon after the meeting of grandfather and grandson, dinner is announced. The grandfather, who has a troublesome foot and cannot walk very well, calls for one of his footmen. But Cedric insists that his grandfather lean on him, and

the following picture shows Little Lord Fauntleroy bravely walking down the great hall, sometimes almost staggering, but manfully helping his grandfather to a seat at the end of a very long table.

Of course, you remember Little Lord Fauntleroy's pony and how he learns to ride on it. In the picture he is thrown heavily to the ground, but he at once climbs pluckily onto the pony's back. This makes his grandfather very proud of him.

In the next part of the film Little Lord Fauntleroy is seen riding along a country road. He comes upon a lame boy who is carrying a great load of firewood. Lord Fauntleroy induces the lame boy to ride, and slowly leads the pony to the boy's home. Cedric finds that the people of the village, which belongs to his grandfather, are very poor, and that the houses in which they live are all tumbled down and unclean and badly cared for. He invites all of the children of the lame boy's family to come back to the castle to have lunch with him. There are ten of them, and they make a weird sight as they come along the road. First comes Little Lord Fauntleroy, leading the pony. There are three children on the pony's back, and trundling along behind them comes a make-shift wagon in which are seated three girls. And behind them are four boys, all helping to push the wagon.

The poor children come trooping into the lovely castle and are not very polite. They stare around at the great portraits on the walls, handle books and treasures on the library tables, and help themselves to the fruit which they find on the dining room table. The servants are naturally very much shocked at this, and when the grandfather arrives on the scene, Little Lord Fauntleroy explains that he has invited his friends to stay for luncheon. This is the first time that any one has been able to make the grandfather realize the distress and misery of the people of his village, and he consents





to the luncheon party. My! How those poor thin children do eat! You quite forgive them for all of their bad manners. Before they leave, the grandfather tells them that the old houses in the village are to be torn down and that new ones will be built in their place. Little Lord Fauntleroy makes an entrancing picture as he signs the order.

Through all of the time that Cedric has been living with the grandfather as Little Lord Fauntleroy, the Earl of Dorincourt has been so busy becoming acquainted with Little Lord Fauntleroy, and learning to love him, that he has quite forgotten about his lame foot. One fine day he even decides that horseback riding is one of the joys that he can share with his grandson. In the picture one sees him on a splendid white horse, and cantering beside him is Little Lord Fauntleroy on his fine little black pony.

It seems too bad that when everyone is so happy and the grandfather is slowly awakening to the fact that the little boy means more to him than anything else in the world, a woman should come to the castle and insist that her little boy is the real heir to the earldom and that Cedric must leave. Cedric finds the other boy trying on his own hat and coat, and while he feels that the other boy may rightfully take his place, he is *not* willing to have the other boy try on his coat and hat. There is a real boy fight, and in spite of his long curls Little Lord Fauntleroy sits upon the other boy and makes him understand

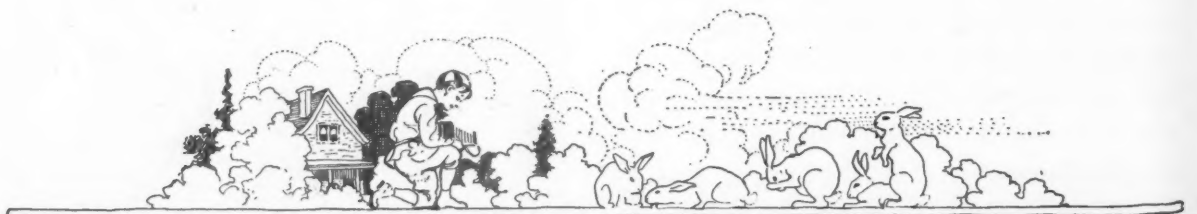
that, while a matter of inheritance is one thing, a boy's hat and coat are his own personal property.

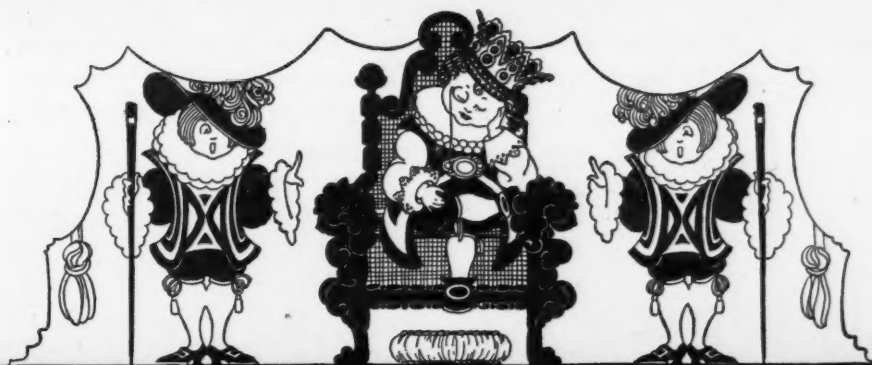
While this very lively tussle is going on, the mother of the other boy is speaking to the grandfather and is very much surprised when Dick, the bootblack, accompanied by the grocery store man, Mr. Hobbs, and Mrs. McGinty, the apple woman, appear on the scene. Dick tells the grandfather that the other boy is not heir to the title of Lord Fauntleroy because the other boy is his own brother's child.

The loveliest picture of all is where the grandfather takes Little Lord Fauntleroy into his arms, knowing that he is "his very own boy."

The grandfather is so grateful for this, that he at once goes to Dearest, asks her forgiveness and tells her that she must come to live at the castle forever and ever.

The last picture shows Little Lord Fauntleroy seated in a great armchair, with a large towel around his shoulders. Behind the chair stands the village barber with a great pair of scissors in his hand. Little Lord Fauntleroy is ordering him to "cut them off—cut them off." At the first snip of the scissors a great soft curl tumbles into Lord Fauntleroy's lap. Dearest almost cries, but Grandfather puts his hands deep into his pockets and just smiles. The servants all stand waiting to see Little Lord Fauntleroy made into a perfectly happy boy. For secretly, he has wanted those curls off since he was four years old!





## PLAYS AND PAGEANTS

# THE BUTTERFLY

*A Children's Dialogue*

By PATTEN BEARD

### CHARACTERS

MOTHER NATURE

SPRING

SUMMER

AUTUMN

WINTER

BUTTERFLY, PAPILLON

**COSTUMES:** Mother Nature, a girl dressed in a long dark green dress, with leaves woven in form of girdle around her waist.

Spring, a younger girl in a loose white dress and light gauze mantle of Nile green. She wears a garland of pink tissue paper flowers.

Summer, a small boy in overalls. He wheels a barrow; in it are garden tools. In the barrow, also, is a wide strip of green cloth.

Autumn is a girl in long red dress which has yellow paper leaves pasted on it. She wears a wide brown cape.

Winter wears a brown suit and a long white wool cape. He carries snow-sparkle in the pocket of his cape.

Butterfly, Papillon, is the principal part. The child who acts this wears a gauzy yellow dress with long wing-like sleeves, which can be held high and made to flutter like wings. Over this is tightly wrapped a long strip of brown, wound tight to conceal the other dress.

**MUSIC:** The Victor machine may be used as

orchestra and you may use instrumental or violin records throughout the action.

**SETTING:** The curtain is drawn, showing Mother Nature bending over the little brown grub who is Papillon. The butterfly dress with soft silk wings is put on under the brown wrapping of the grub.



**MOTHER NATURE:**  
Wake, little brown grub!

**PAPILLON** (*stirring*):  
What — what is it?  
[*Sleepily.*] What — is it that speaks to me?

**MOTHER NATURE:**  
It is I, little brown grub. I am Mother Nature. It is time to wake. The red maple buds are ready to burst into leaves.

**PAPILLON:** I am quite wide awake. [*Sits up and rises to his feet.*] Isn't everything here very wonderful? See! I can crawl. Oh, look at me! See me move about! What fun! [*He*

*takes wee little mincing steps around the stage.]*

MOTHER NATURE: Yes! That's it, little brown grub.

PAPILLON: But I wonder—(*wonderingly and still moving about while Mother Nature watches*). Why did you want to waken me?



Did you want to have me do something for you? I feel very brisk and happy. The air seems so fresh to breathe. Give me something to do, Mother Nature, now that you have awakened me. I want something to do!

MOTHER NATURE: Yes, I have wakened you for a purpose. You are to go abroad over the brown earth and find a very precious and very beautiful gift—and all the time, little brown grub, you are to learn to grow. Try to grow as lovely as you can each day, even if it is but just a little progress, you see. Your steps are but small, little brown grub, now.

PAPILLON (*still moving about Mother Nature*): Yes, I am quite ready to start. But I think nothing could be more lovely than I am now. [*Looks at himself.*] Am I not lovely?

MOTHER NATURE: You are a good little grub—but you must learn—

PAPILLON: What?

MOTHER NATURE: I can't explain it to you. You are too young now, but you will understand how to grow when my children,

the Seasons, pass you. Ask them anything you want to know. They will teach you and lead you to find the very precious gift that lies somewhere in the sunlight for you. When you have found it, come to me again! [*Going.*] I shall always be near—no matter where you are. You have but to call—but just now I have other creatures of the spring to waken. I must open the blossoms, too. I must see that Spring does her work as she should. She wants to do nothing but dance!

[*MOTHER NATURE goes from the stage, disappearing between shrubs which she bends over and touches as she leaves.*]

PAPILLON (*bending down to the earth to feel of it*): Oh, how good it feels! I wonder if this is what I was to look for and find. No, I don't think so, for it was here when she was with me, and I saw it when she was here. I must go about to find it as Mother Nature told me to do. I must speak to Spring about it. [*Calls.*] Spring! Spring!

[*Enter SPRING, dancing. She tosses pink blossoms right and left, and then takes the garland of flowers that she wears on her head and dances with it in her hands all about PAPILLON, who tries to touch her.*]

SPRING: See, I am here! Catch me before I am gone!



PAPILLON: Not yet. How shall I grow? I must learn, too, all about a most precious gift that is here for me to find. Tell me about it!



SPRING (*always dancing in wider circles farther and farther from the little grub as he turns towards her*): I haven't time to tell you. Look at the lovely sky! [*Dances off the stage.*]

PAPILLON: She's gone! [*Sit down on the ground and buries his head in his hands. Suddenly takes the hands from his face and looks upward.*] Yes, the sky is lovely. But I could never reach so far—how could I? And that gift? What can it be? I will ask Summer. [*Calls.*] Summer! Summer!

[SUMMER enters with wheelbarrow. Begins hoeing.]

SUMMER: Hello! Want something?

PAPILLON (*nibbling at Spring blossoms*): Mother Nature told me to ask you how to grow. And where can I find her gift?

SUMMER: I'm too busy to tell you. You'll grow best through work, little grub!

PAPILLON: What's work? What shall I do? Tell me? I am most willing!

SUMMER (*starting off with his barrow*): Well, here! Take this. [*He tosses green cloth from the barrow.*] Weave it into something new and lovely. Maybe it will help you to grow. When you have worked, too, you will be wiser, little grub. Then maybe you will know enough to find more easily the

this? [*He looks at it.*] What can I do now? Summer's gone! I'll work over this as he told me.

[*He places the cloth on the ground and makes weaving motions over it. He is so busy working with it that he does not see AUTUMN enter on the stage.*]



AUTUMN (*coming up behind and pinching his shoulder*): Didn't you know I had come, little grub? Ugly little grub!

PAPILLON: Wait! Wait! I'm so busy! I—I think I am learning how to grow! I'm ever so much larger than I was since I began, but maybe you didn't see me before so you can't judge of my size *now*. I—I'm learning how to work!

AUTUMN: Well, hurry up and finish your work then, for it won't be long before Winter is here. Here are leaves I have taken from trees to make ready for Winter's coming.

PAPILLON (*weaving busily*): I know! I know! I'm working very fast—as fast as I can! I know how to grow now, and I have worked *very* hard. I know now. I'm not at all lovely as I thought I was. But I am wiser. Yes, I am wiser!

AUTUMN: There isn't any time to be lost.

PAPILLON: I know that, too! But I haven't yet found the beautiful gift that I was seeking. I've been too busy working. Mother Nature told me to find it and show it to her, you know. Do you know where



precious thing Mother Nature sent you into the world to find. [*He trundles his barrow off the stage.*]

PAPILLON (*taking the green mantle*): Change

it is? Where shall I go to find it? Where?

AUTUMN: Yes, I know.

PAPILLON (*starting up*): Where? Where?

AUTUMN: I change green leaves to leaves of gold. Why don't you change, too? You might grow into something very wonderfully beautiful to surprise Mother Nature. This mantle of mine will give you the gift of change that is my gift to all. Take it! Lie down in it and rest from work while you lie there. A beautiful dream will come to you, a dream of the sunlight and the sky. Perhaps when you waken, refreshed, you will find the beautiful thing that Mother Nature sent you to seek.

[*She bends over the little grub and helps tuck the mantle around him as he lies down to sleep.*]

PAPILLON (*drowsily*): I am tired — very, very tired—

[*He seems to fall asleep and AUTUMN passes from the stage, looking back over her shoulder at him.*]

[*Enter MOTHER NATURE, quietly, from the same direction where she left the stage.*]

MOTHER NATURE (*bending over the little grub*): He has done well. Yes, he has grown! He has grown!

[*Enter WINTER, with bluster and puffing out his cheeks to blow.*]

WINTER: Look out! Here's snow for you! Here are storms! [*He flings the snow-glitter about the stage.*] I'll catch you! I'll nip you! [*He runs about the stage touching the evergreens.*] Look out! [*He stumbles across the sleeping grub.*] Hello! Look out!

MOTHER NATURE: Take care! Here is a

chrysalis, Winter! See that you do no harm!

WINTER: No! I will cover it as I have the growing things that they may be warm when my storms blow.

[*He swings his cloak over Papillon and lays it over the brown cloak of Autumn.*]

MOTHER NATURE (*bending over the grub*): Dream! Dream of waking as the flowers! (*To Winter*): Go! Go on your way!

[*WINTER goes slowly off stage. Enter SPRING again. She comes in with beautiful potted plants, which she places in front of PAPILLON. They hide him from the audience.*]

SPRING: I will make everything beautiful—as beautiful as I can, Mother Nature. See! I will bring new blossoms. They are lovelier than before. See!

MOTHER NATURE (*still bending toward the grub, on the other side of the flowers Spring has brought*): Listen! He stirs in his sleep! Wake, Little Butterfly, you are a grub no longer! You have found my precious gift!

PAPILLON (*who, back of the flower screen, has cast aside the cloak of Autumn and the wrappings of the grub, opens wide his arms, to which the soft silk wings are fastened, and springs from the flowers*): I have found the gift, Mother Nature! Wings! Wings! See, I fly! I no longer crawl upon the earth! [*He dances about Spring and Mother Nature, and around the flowers.*] The gift of growth was wings! The precious gift I found was Life! New life! New life! See! Wings! Wings! Wings!

[*Curtain.*]



# YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by LAURA VALENTINE. With Patterns



3629

3743



## SUGGESTIONS

DOROTHY JANE has two pretty frocks, and we have their patterns for you. Here is a cunning little coat for spring and early summer that is made of cretonne. We have a pattern that includes both coat and bonnet for 20 cents. Mother could use something besides cretonne (Bedford cord, crepe de chine or broadcloth, for instance), but cretonne is especially attractive. I know it is hard to get very small designs in cretonne, but it can be done, and with ruffled organdie cuffs and collar it would wash and wear satisfactorily. Ask Mother to put tiny little tucks on the collar and cuffs, and then to gather the lace on very full. Bind the big button holes with white linen and make the big buttons of white linen. Pearl buttons will do if you'd rather have them.

Then, for you to romp and play in, here is dress No. 3629, made of dark blue dotted swiss or dotted voile, trimmed with white pique bands. It would also be pretty in chambray, linen, pongee, wash silk or batiste. The band around the edge of the sleeve and the skirt is fagotted on. It comes in sizes 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. And the coat pattern, No. 3743, comes in sizes to fit children that are 1, 2 and 4 years old.

Miss Valentine is always glad to have Mother write her about your dresses and will be glad to help you with your dolly's dress. Send a self-addressed envelope, stamped to Miss Laura Valentine, care of Child Life, Rand McNally & Company 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. Patterns, 20 cents each.

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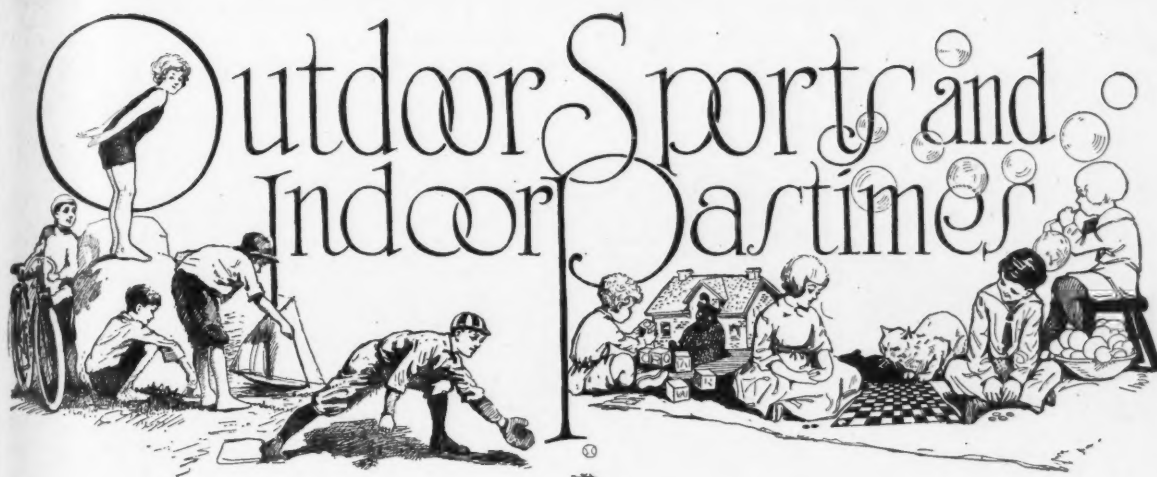
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## A LITTLE FLOWER-GARDEN GAME FOR BABIES

By FRANCES MARGARET FOX

ONE spring afternoon when Baby was playing on the green lawn, Mother sent little sister Rosemary to bring the baby in the house because it was time for her nap.

Said Rosemary to the baby, "I have thought of a new game for babies to play."

"Please tell!" answered the baby. She was more than two years old and liked to play games.

"Will you be a little flower in the garden?" asked Rosemary. "Will you be a little daffodil because your hair is yellow?"

The baby was glad to be a daffodil.

"This is the way to play the game," Rosemary explained. "First you are a little daffodil plant just peeping up out of the ground."

Down went the baby on the green grass to be a little daffodil plant just peeping out of the ground.

"Now I am the warm sun shining in the garden," Rosemary went on, "and I am shining, shining on you to make you grow. Up you come, Baby, up and up on your knees. Keep your little head down, because at first,

you know, you are only a bud, and I am the sun shining."

When the darling little plant had begun to grow a wee bit taller, with the sun beaming down upon her, Rosemary said, "And now I will play I am a gardener and I will water the little plant with a watering-pot. See? Like this! You mustn't grow too fast, baby plant, because it takes rain from the sky to make flowers grow fast in the garden."

So Rosemary played that she was the gardener, and she played that she was sprinkling the baby plant with water from a watering-pot; she played that she was holding a watering-pot over her head, and then she pretended to sprinkle the baby's feet. When the baby laughed, Rosemary said she believed she could hear the little plant growing, and she was sure the little plant's leaves were moving back and forth in the wind.

You should have seen the dear baby wave her arms and flutter her hands when Rosemary said that.

"Now it is going to rain hard!" said Rosemary. "When I shake my ten fingers over your head, Baby, it means that it is raining,

raining, RAINING! Rain makes little plants grow fast; so up you come, baby dear, up you come! Up you come, little one!

"Is your daffodil ready to take a nap?" Mother asked.

"Little flower cuddle down, go to sleep,"



"Now it is going to stop raining and I will be the sun shining again. And now, lift up your face, Baby, because you are in bloom! You are a lovely little yellow daffodil blossom, swaying on your stem in the wind and sunshine!

"And now I am going to pick the lovely daffodil and take it in to Mother. Come, little daffodil!"

Rosemary took the laughing baby by the hand, and in they ran to the house where their mother was waiting.

"I have brought you a daffodil that grew in my garden," said Rosemary to her mother. "Here it is! A beautiful daffodil!"

answered the baby. "Get up! Play it again! Play it again!"

Next time they played the game Rosemary was the daffodil and Baby was the gardener, the rain and the sunshine; and then, first thing the neighbors knew, all their babies were playing daffodils in the gardens. When the baby boys and the baby girls played the game together, it was more fun than ever for all but Rosemary. She said to her mother that evening, "I had to play that new flower game so many times with those babies today that I almost feel as if I have roots instead of just plain heels and toes!" Then how she laughed! And mother laughed, too.





# ALICE IN WONDERLAND QUILTIE No. 7

Designed by  
RUBY SHORT McKIM



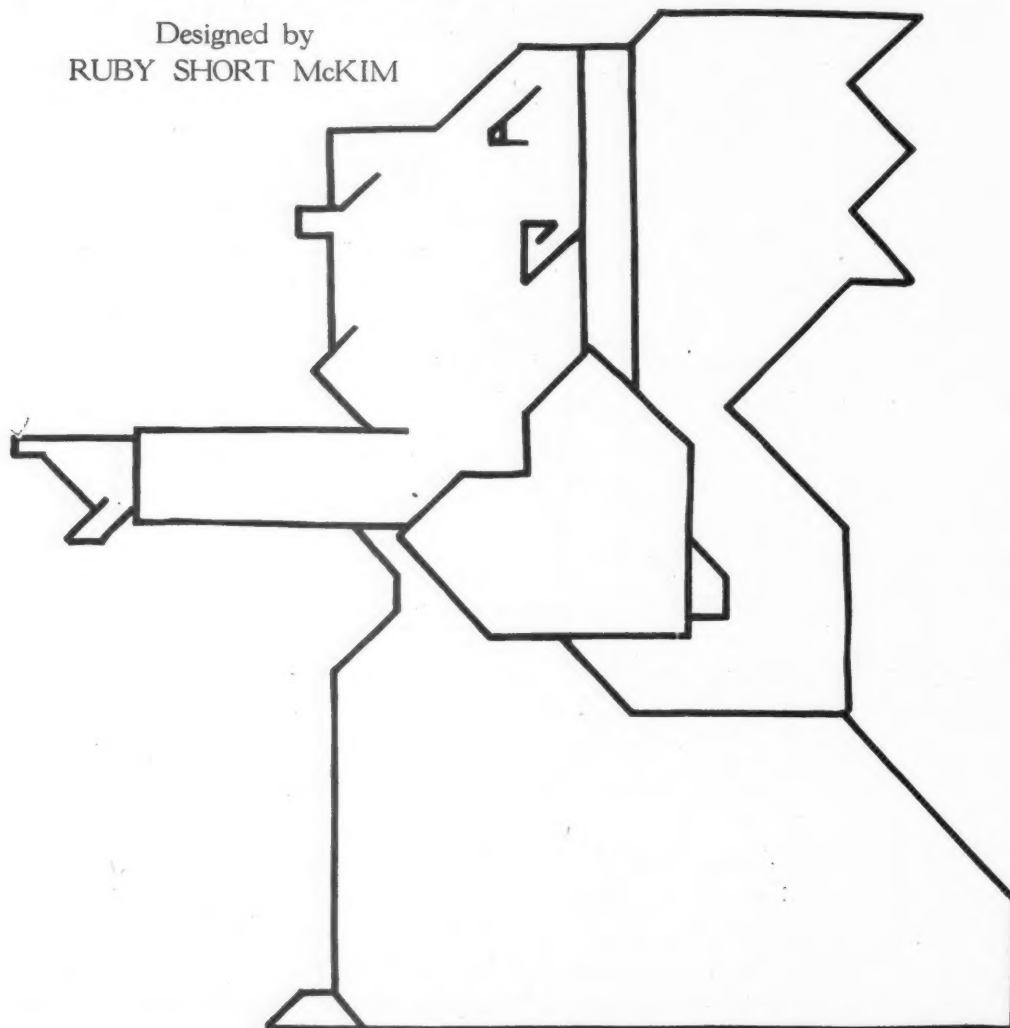
THIS is the poor little Hatter who did not have time to make or sell hats anymore, or to do anything except eat. Then he would rush around to a clean cup and plate and eat again. You know, the Queen scared him so badly that it stopped his watch right at six o'clock; so, of course, ever after it was six o'clock—just tea time for him. "Time to move!" the Hatter would say when he wanted a clean cup. It's time for you to move around now and make a quilt block out of the Hatter.

To change the drawing into a quilt block, get a smoothly ironed piece of muslin ten inches square, and a blue or

black piece of carbon paper. Lay the muslin down on a flat surface. Place the carbon paper over it. On top of the carbon paper place the above drawing. Stick pins around the design so it will be held firmly in place over the carbon and the muslin. Then, so that the traced lines will be perfectly straight, lay a ruler along the lines of the drawing. Trace over the lines of the drawing and the pattern will be transferred through the carbon to the muslin. Then you can outline stitch the lines on the muslin and have the pattern in thread. There are twenty drawings in all, just enough squares for a child's quilt.

# ALICE IN WONDERLAND QUILTIE No. 8

Designed by  
RUBY SHORT McKIM



THE Queen! Make way for the Queen!" Even the Duchess was afraid of Her Majesty, although she did get brave enough to box her royal ears one time. Then the Queen said, "Off with her head!"—but she said that to everybody. How everyone was left alive is more than I can see. The Cheshire-Cat got ahead of her, though, by puzzling them all as to whether you could cut off a head that didn't have a body. The King said, "Certainly, anything that has a head can be beheaded." What do you think?

To change the drawing into a quilt block, get a smoothly ironed piece of muslin ten inches square, and a blue or

black piece of carbon paper. Lay the muslin down on a flat surface. Place the carbon paper over it. On top of the carbon paper place the above drawing. Stick pins around the design so it will be held firmly in place over the carbon and the muslin. Then, so that the traced lines will be perfectly straight, lay a ruler along the lines of the drawing. Trace over the lines of the drawing and the pattern will be transferred through the carbon to the muslin. Then you can outline stitch the lines on the muslin and have the pattern in thread. There are twenty drawings in all, just enough squares for a child's quilt.

# GRANDPA'S EASTER HUNT

*Further adventures of the Enee, Menee, Mynee, Mo Family*

By WILL PENTE

THE evening before Easter Sunday found Grandpa Zack wending his way home, with his gun and a basket filled with colored Easter eggs.

Grandpa had confided to little Mynee as he started on his hunt that he intended to locate Bre'er Rabbit's store of eggs—everyone knows he has a big supply of eggs at this season of the year. And Mynee and his sister Menee were waiting anxiously for Grandpa's return.

"Lawsey, Grandpaw!" shouted Mynee. "You-all did find Bre'er Rabbit's nest, didn't yoh? Wasn't he mad when yoh tuk 'em?"

"Mad? Huh! Bre'er Rabbit done gib me dese yere eggs fo' sabin' his life," chuckled Grandpa, pleased at the joyous reception he had received.

"Ah thot yoh wuz goin' possum huntin'," remarked sister Menee, who had not been let into the secret.

"Prezactly what Ah wuz intentioned on doin'," replied Grandpa, with a wink at Mynee. "An' if Ah hadn't er had dis ole gun along Bre'er Rabbit's hide mought be hangin' up in Mr. Fox's cabin dis bery minit. If yoh hold yoh horses until Ah gits dis basket in a place whar hit's safe, Ah'll tell yoh how come Ah gits dese yere eggs."

"Doesn't Mr. Fox like Bre'er Rabbit?" inquired Menee, after they had gone into his cabin and Grandpa finally had seated himself in front of the fireplace.

"Specs he doesn't," replied Grandpa, lighting his pipe. "Ah reckon he got a good reason for hit; Bre'er Rabbit's always so uppity wid him."

"Did yoh have to shoot Mr. Fox, Grandpaw?" asked Mynee, wondering.

"No," replied Grandpa, "but Ah come mighty close to doin' hit. When Ah starts out dis mawnin' hit wuz rainin' a drizzle an' just as Ah gits to de Two Mile Pond de sun bus' tru de clouds and de mos' scrumptious rainbow yoh eber did see sprung rite outen de woods on de oder side er de pond. Jus' den Ah spied Bre'er Rabbit comin' down de path pushin' a wheelbarrer full of eggs.

Walkin' alongside ob him wuz Mr. Fox, talkin' awful polite-like an' a-carryin' a couple ob cans ob paint.

"Den Ah snuck inter de bushes. Jus' when dey gits whar Ah wuz hidin, Bre'er Rabbit stops fo' to res' hisself. After he gits his bref, he say to Mr. Fox, 'Hit's no use yoh argufying wif me. Ah cain't let yoh color dese yere eggs wid dat paint! Besides, yoh hain't got no brush,' sez he.

"Who said Ah ain't?" snapped Mr. Fox. "What's de matter wid me using my tail? Shorely dat's a better brush dan yoh has got!"

"Bre'er Rabbit got kinder uppity when Mr. Fox say dis, an' he allow Mr. Fox better not get so pusnel in his remarks. An' de fus' ting Ah knows dey wuz disputen at each other at de top ob der voice.

"Spec' Bre'er Rabbit lose his senses as well as his temper fo' he slam Mr. Fox, Bam! right on de nose, an' de next minit de two ob 'em wuz havin' a regular ruff and tumble."

"Por little Bre'er Rabbit," said Menee, sympathetically. "Didn't Mr. Fox hurt him?"

"Shore did," answered Grandpa Zack. "An' if Ah hadn't bin dar Mr. Fox would have tore him to pieces he wuz so mad. But Ah stepped out in de path when Ah see how tings wuz goin', an' sent Mr. Fox 'bout his business. Den Bre'er Rabbit picked hisself up an' say he much obliged to me fo' sabin' his life."

"Wuz any ob de eggs busted in de rum-pus?" asked Mynee.

"Not a one," answered Grandpa. "But Ah reckon some ob Bre'er Rabbit's bones wuz, kase he axed me to tote de wheelbarrer over to his bungalow on de oder side ob de pond whar de rainbow wuz er shooten out ob de groun'. Bre'er Rabbit say, 'Yoh come ober to mah house an' res' yohself while Ah color dese eggs wid de end ob de rainbow.'"

"Grandpaw, did yoh see him do hit?" asked Mynee.

"No, Ah didn't," replied Grandpa, sorrowfully. "Ah fell asleep at Bre'er Rabbit's doorstep. But dere's de eggs, chullen, dere's de eggs!"



# GRANDPA'S EASTER HUNT

DESIGNED & PATENTED BY

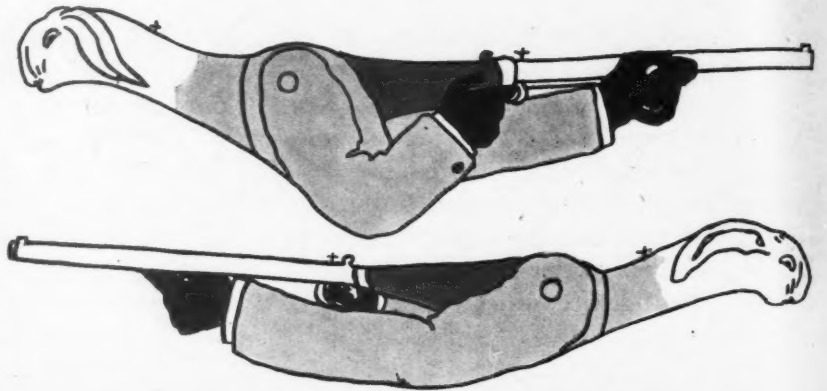
#WILL PENTE#

HOW TO MAKE THESE

"BEST OF ALL"

Cut Out Toys

PASTE this page on a letterhead. When thoroughly dry cut out the toys, cutting the lines on the bases to make the locks, and also, the two slits on the tree right back of Grandpa's shoulder. Fold over *directly* on the dotted lines at the top and the dotted lines on the bases, but in opposite directions. Bring the bases together and slide the locks into each other. Toy will then stand alone. The two sides of Grandpa's gun are to be pasted together but *only along the barrel of the gun*. Next pass Bre'er Rabbit's head through the slits on each side and fasten the arms to Grandpa's shoulder with a pin or small staple run clear through at the point indicated. Every time Bre'er Rabbit starts to jump out of his house, Grandpa's gun is lifted to his shoulder to keep off Mr. Fox. Bre'er Rabbit's head may be pasted together *after* you have passed him through the stump of the tree.





#### CLUB MOTTO:

*The only joy I keep is what I give away*

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club.

The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about it in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention.

For further information regarding the Joy Givers' Club write to

ROSE WALDO, Editor

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

536 S. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

#### TO BE HAPPY

KEEP trying and the skies will be blue,  
Where once it was dark to you.  
Keep smiling and life will be  
Much joy and pleasure, you shall see.  
Keep busy and your woes shall go,  
Just as wind blows away the snow.

MARGOT STEVENSON

Age 10 years

New York City

Dear Rose Waldo:

I MUST write and tell you how much I love CHILD LIFE. I have read CHILD LIFE to my cousins and they just want me to read it over and over.

Truly yours,

BERNIECE SONNENFELD

Age 8 years

Chicago, Ill.

#### LOST AND FOUND

MOTHER, I can't find Fluff anywhere. Do you think she could have slipped out when the iceman came?" asked little Marjorie Lee of her mother.

"She might have. Never mind, dearie, she'll be back by supper time; she often goes out for a little while." Mrs. Lee spoke reassuringly, but there was an anxious note in her voice. She was almost as fond of Fluff as was her daughter.

Fluff was a big gray cat, three years old. She had been given as a birthday present to Marjorie on her fifth birthday.

Supper time came and no Fluff. Marjorie was so excited and worried that she kept jumping up all through the meal to see if Fluff was outside.

Katy, the good-natured cook, went out on the steps and called, "Puss, Puss! Here,

Fluff!" until the cold night air drove her in.

Little Jimmy Lawsen, across the way, went out with Mr. Lee, a lantern, and his father to find and bring the culprit home.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Marjorie, as she prepared for bed. "I do hope they'll find her. She never stayed away like this before."

"Go to sleep, Marjorie," suggested her mother, who was about as worried as her daughter. "She'll be here in the morning."

But Fluff was not there in the morning, nor did she come any time of the day. Two weeks passed and at last Mr. and Mrs. Lee began to believe that they would never see Fluff again. But Marjorie never gave up hope. Always when she went to bed, she added after her prayer: "Dear God, please bring Fluff home again, and if you can't just yet, make her happy where she is, please God." Her first question in the morning was, "Has Fluff come yet?" She would run to the door every time that the bell rang to see if it was anyone with the cat; for Mr. Lee had even put a notice in the paper, promising five dollars for anyone who would bring her home.

Big as this offer seems, Fluff was much more valuable than even that.

One day as Marjorie was coming home from school, she heard a faint "meow" behind her. Turning, she saw limping toward her on three legs, a dirty, torn, ruffled, and thin pussy. On sight of Marjorie the cat quickened its pace and soon was beside her. One glance put Marjorie's fears at rest. The cat *was* Fluff!

"Oh, Fluffy, dear!" sighed Marjorie happily that night, as she stroked the clean, well-fed, and bandaged cat. "I knew you'd come. I knew!"

Mamma and Papa Lee smiled happily as Fluff answered with a meow, which meant in her cat talk, "Home is best."

P. E. SHEAK  
Brookline, Mass.

Age 11 years

### A BEDTIME PUZZLE

WHEN I go to bed at night,  
I try to go to sleep.  
I sing a little song I know  
About the baby sheep.

I twist and turn and toss my head,  
And soon call for my mother.  
I ask her for a nice cool drink,  
And then call for another.

It really is most puzzling  
And very queer I think,  
That *that* time is the only time  
I ever want a drink!

ELIZABETH MARSHALL

Age 9 years

Brookline, Mass.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I TAKE your lovely CHILD LIFE book and I think it is the nicest child's book I have ever seen, and I've had most all of them.

I am writing this not only to tell you how much I enjoy the book, but also to send my original poem, "Kitty's Adventure," to the Joy Givers' Club, of which club I wish to become a member.

Thanking you for the joy your department is giving little girls and boys like me, I am,

Yours happily,

COLIN C. MACKAE  
Majestic Hotel New York City, N. Y.

### KITTY'S ADVENTURE

I HAD a little kitty,  
His fur was white as snow;  
I took him out one stormy day  
And the wind began to blow.  
The wind was blowing fiercely,  
It blew him quite about,  
He hit his little nosey  
And he soon began to pout.  
Just then a great big dog came  
And chased him all around,  
But when the kitty's master came  
He heard the fearful sound.  
Of course he chased the dog away  
And picked the kitty up;  
He took him to the fire  
And gave him milk for sup.

COLIN C. MACKAE  
Age 8 years Hotel Majestic  
New York City



## RAINDROPS

SEE the little raindrops go,  
Like the fairies on tiptoe!  
Gaily dancing on the flowers,  
Falling in amongst the bowers.

Like the fairies in the air,  
They keep skipping everywhere,  
And they dance along the grass,  
In a pretty little mass.

As they fall they seem to tell,  
Of their sky home's silver bell;  
Where they live and wait up high,  
Till the earth becomes too dry.

In a glinting golden hue,  
The raindrops look like falling dew;  
Just like the fairies, dressed up best,  
In a sparkling sunlit crest.

Coming down from sky to earth,  
Dripping, everyone, with mirth.  
Like the fairies on a lea,  
Each one frolicking with glee.

BETTY BONNIE ROSSE

Age 8 years

Chicago, Ill.



My dear Miss Waldo:

GRANDFATHER sent us CHILD LIFE  
for a year for a Christmas present, and  
we are all very fond of it.

I hope you like my poem about the birds.

Sincerely yours,

JESSIE LATHROP

Kansas City, Mo.

## MR. WOODPECKER

MR. WOODPECKER sat in his hole  
And laughed at his friend Mr. Oriole.  
Mr. Oriole's back was all wet with rain.  
Mr. Woodpecker said, "You had better build  
inside when you build again."

Age 8 years

JESSIE LATHROP

Dear Miss Waldo:

I WANT to write to you and tell you how  
much I like CHILD LIFE. I got my Feb-  
ruary copy yesterday. I read it through last  
night, and today I read it through again.  
Tonight I saw mother reading it, and I told  
her to read all of it, because the stories were  
good. I can hardly wait until I get my  
next copy. I am seven years old and I  
read all the books I can.

I want to be a Joy Giver, and join the  
Joy Givers' Club. Please tell me more about  
the club.

Yours truly,

MARJORIE TAYLOR

Platteville, Wis.

## TAKING CARE OF A BABY

LAST winter a family moved a few doors  
away from us. There was a little girl six  
years old and a baby six months old.

When summer came I went over to take  
care of Jane. You know, Jane was the baby.  
Mrs. Maxwell was happy, because she had to  
do the housework and was glad I would take  
care of her baby. I took care of Jane day  
after day until they moved away. When  
they moved I just felt like crying because it  
seemed I could not stand it without them.

Don't you think Mrs. Maxwell was happy?

BONNIE JEAN DAVIDSON

Age 10 years



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## THE FAIRY DRESSMAKERS

**A**LL the fairies stayed in Bunny Rabbit's cozy burrow home for the winter. Now, Beauty Fairy was going to see if it was time for them to begin making dresses for the flowers.

She stuck her head through the hole and quickly drew it back again. "The snow is just melting, and I think it's time for the Pussy Willows to come up from their winter home," she said.

So all the fairies had to stick their heads out of the hole to see if winter had gone. They all thanked Bunny Rabbit for his kindness in keeping them there all winter. Then they started out to do their dressmaking. Bunny Rabbit said that if they ever got cold to come right back to his burrow where he would be glad to keep them.

"We'll come back every night," Beauty Fairy promised.

The fairies went off and soon turned into a tiny cave that led to all the homes of their flower friends.

"Wouldn't they be sorry if we forgot to come and would they have to go out on top of the earth without their pretty dresses?" asked May Fairy.

"Ugh, don't speak of it," Apple Fairy pleaded.

Very soon they reached the home of Miss Pussy Willow, but she was asleep, and instead of being a nice, fat seed, she was a thin, little one.

"It's too early for us to begin our work," sighed Beauty Fairy. "Miss Pussy Willow is always the first to grow and, if she isn't ready, the rest won't be."

So they made their way out of the cave and ran along on top of the earth. Just as they were about a mile from Bunny Rabbit's burrow home, they heard North Wind singing: "Winter is still here, and all the snow will come back!" But his song was very slow and faint, for the Spring Fairies had almost got the better of him.

The fairies ran the remainder of the way to Bunny Rabbit's house, where they popped down into the hole, breathless from their mad chase.

"We nearly got caught in it that time!" Apple Fairy gasped, falling down upon the sofa.

"We surely did," answered May Fairy.

The next week the fairies went out again to see. This time when they peeped into Miss Pussy Willow's home she was awake and looking around for the fairies. She had begun to grow already.

"Oh, I'm so glad you came!" she cried. And soon she had a nice coat of gray fur.

So the fairies began their work, and at the end of March, all the Pussy Willow family had on their coats of gray fur, and very proudly they stood waving their heads at each other, the first blossoms of the season.

So now, we understand how the flowers get their pretty dresses, for the fairy dressmakers are the ones who make them.

Age 9 years

GLORIA MOSSMAN



Margaret Evans Price

## Hop o' My Thumb Is Lost!

**S**EE him—the little boy in blue in the picture! Dear, isn't he? Just get that delightful new book, *ONCE UPON A TIME*, and read his story. It's great. And it's not the only one in the book. There are many others just as good—all about knights and lovely princesses and many wonder people. A fairy godmother turns pumpkins into gilded coaches and mice into prancing horses, and a frog changes himself into a prince. There is a dwarf, too, who spins gold out of straw.

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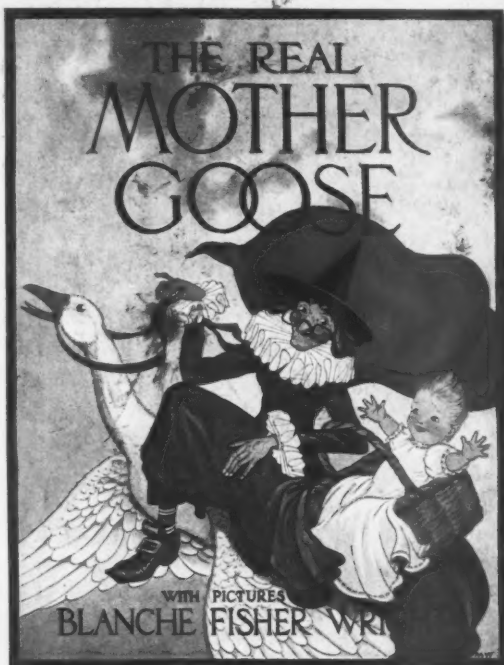
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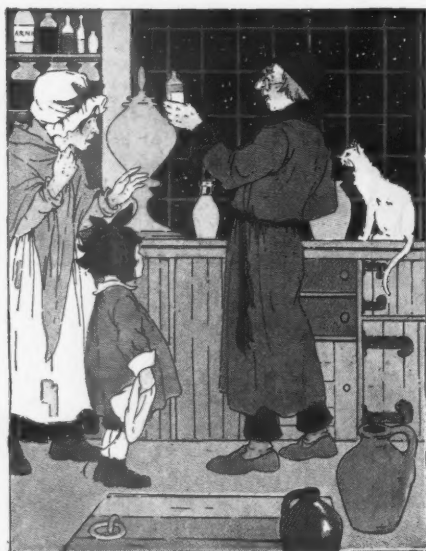




## PETER PATTER HIMSELF

Here he is gay as ever out with Mother Goose to call up her book children—Georgy Porgy, Jenny Wren, Bobby Brooks and Bessie Snooks, and all the rest, not to mention his own friends. All are to meet at the animal party which Aesop gives in his fables. What fun! The Three books—*Real Mother Goose*, *The Peter Patter Book*, and *Aesop for Children* make up the party, and in them you will meet the merriest, happiest people you ever knew and the wisest and drollest animals. You must not miss the celebration.

Above is a picture of the *Real Mother Goose* cover. But you should see the inside. No other Mother Goose book has so many rimes and lovely pictures. There are nearly two hundred color plates—all by Blanche Fisher Wright. Children love the book and almost cry for it.



This is Doctor McSwattle who filled up a bottle with vinegar, varnish and rum. He is from *The Peter Patter Book*, and this picture is reduced from a full page—just one of dozens and dozens of full-page and text pictures in colors by Blanche Fisher Wright.

Here you see the famous golden egg and the silly man who killed the goose that laid it—just as they are in *Aesop for Children*, only there they are much larger.

No child will want to miss the famous fables and the many color plates by Milo Winter.

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